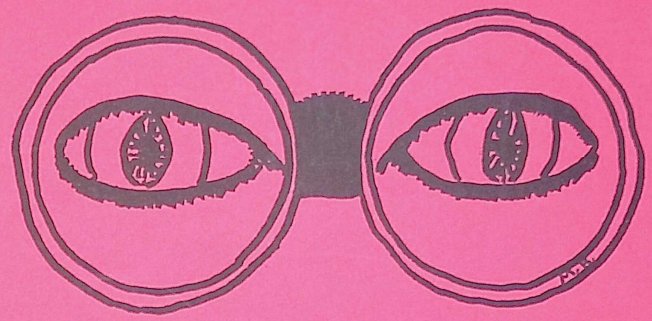
# OUR POINT OF VIEW



North Scott
Junior High

Literary Magazine
1986-1987

Our Point of View contains writing selections that were chosen by seventh and eighth grade students after Writing Workshop and peer evaluation sessions. Each author (all students) wrote on a topic of his/her choice, polished the piece, and submitted it anonymously for silent reading and criticism from others. Those writings that according to the readers, represented the best works, were submitted for publication.

As usual, the variety of topics and the writing talents displayed make us proud to welcome you to enjoy Our Point of View.

Special thanks are extended to the North Scott Print Shop, Schrad Graphics, Matt Bremenkamp (our cover artist), and our typist extraordinaire, Karen Frieden, who worked long hours to complete this year's magazine.

The Language Arts Department,

Denny Frey
Melva Lewis
Maryetta Masterson
Pat Schrad

## Courage

Courage is not being afraid of your classmates that don't like you, telling people your problems and not being afraid of what they will say to you, asking a girl or boy for the first time.

Courage is to face your parents with a bad report card, to ask for help, to say no to drugs or smoking especially facing the world as it is and not trying to change it to your level in life.

I think courage is a very important thing in life. People use courage everyday.

When people move the parents have to have courage to tell their child because he lived there all his life and doesn't want to leave.

by Chris Tyler

The trees are tall and green
Water close by to be seen
Flowers blossoming
Birds singing
Not a sound of human voices
There I was all alone
Looking all around
This is not unusual here
But other places it is
I'm glad it's here for me to see
So beautiful and clean
It may not always be this way
People will come
And soon it will be gone
That is why
Everyone needs to care for nature
So it will always be here

by Stacy Roberts

## My Most Cherished Dream

My most cherished dream was one where I was a player sitting on the bench during a volleyball game. One of our main players on the team got hurt, and the coach put me in to sub for her. We were behind really bad and the score was something like 2 - 13. When I got in I played with everything I had, and we won the game 18 - 16!

What I try to do to make this dream possible is practice volleyball often with my sister. She helps me with volleyball skills like bumping and setting. I really like to play volleyball! Someday I hope that I will be on a team and play in a state championship game like my sister!

Tricia Graham

## My Favorite Summer

In the summer of "82" I was getting packed for camp.

My parents were putting everything in my red suitcase. When we got most of it packed I found something else that I was suppose to take so we had to unpack everything and bring up a bigger suitcase and put my things back in.

When it was time to leave we put my things in the car and went into Blue Grass at "Camp Abe Lincoln".

When my parents had to leave my little sister was crying and saying, "Don't leave Kristen." She was sad the whole week I was gone.

At camp we got to go swimming, horse back riding, to archery, art, nature, fishing, and canoeing. We had to take turns serving the camp and cleaning the cabin.

Our parents came to pick us up a week later.

Then two or three weeks later we went on vacation to Colorado and went up to Pike's & Rocky Mountain National Park and got a shirt and it was quite cold up there so everybody was wearing winter coats and jeans.

But it was pretty. Our family went to see my dad's uncle named Orne.

Then when we were coming home our family said that we wouldn't mind going there again.

But I ended my summer by having my birthday on August 10th.

The End

by Kelli Ferguson



Jan. 6, 1628

My ship, 'Silverthorn', is still in good condition. I'm proud to say she braved what most of my men couldn't.

We've been through 5 storms, 3 attacks, and now a pirate ship has taken over. The 'Bloodstain', I believe they call it. Their captain, One-Eye, has murdered most of my eleven comrades. Dart, Moonshade, Arrow, and Myself are the only ones left.

I am writing this to tell you elvenfolk, and others out there what it's like to be a captive of the human species.

They have locked us in one cell, barely enough room to hold a horse, or whatever they call it.

They feed us once a day. Water comes rarely, but they keep us alive. Thank the Gods we can outlive them all if we try.

A fortnight ago they brutally beat Arrow. Luckily Moonshade was a healer or he would have been dead by now.

One-Eye got his name by my sword. He was called 'Peg Leg'. Now he has only one eye and one leg. That is why they beat Arrow.

We have been sailing with these flea-infested barbarians for 3 days now, I tell you the stench of human waste is enough to turn a troll's stomach.

Beware, Brothers! Humans mean to take over. Guard your cublings and life-mates well.

I just hope we can live through this.

Captain Stargazer,
One of the last of the
Silverthorn Crew.

by Jennette Barrios

## Fall

When fall comes the leaves descend off the trees as they rest quietly, slowly dozing off before the long winter comes. The colors of blue, green, and summer pinks start to fade covered by red, brown, and crisp orange. I can smell the cold rough wind blowing against my face as I bundle up inside my jacket. I feel as though this moment could last forever, but winter is rapidly approaching and before long those descended leaves lying upon the cold, hard ground will be covered with white, light, fluffy snow.

by Amy Bouril

## "The Beach"

The water is low the sand is out
It's time to tromp through the weeds.
The warm summer sun beats down on your legs,
And makes them sweat in your jeans.
Finally ahead the water appears
And makes you hasten your step.
As soon as your shoes hit the sand,
Your bathing suit comes from underneath.
You run to the water to cool the bites,
The bugs gave you on the way.
You lay in the sun,
You soak your feet,
And squish your toes in the mud.
All is quiet.
The water is flowing,
The leaves are stirring,
And the birds are chirping.
All too soon it is time to put back on your jeans.
Winter has come and gone. . .
The water is high,
The ice has melted,
Soon we will tromp through the weeds.

by Donna Noel



## Friendships

Friendships begin weak, but soon hold on. It's depending, loving, understanding, and kind, and also things that make two hearts bind. Listening to problems and then talking them out, knowing your friend is great without a doubt. Asking each other what's right from wrong, by this time you know your friendship is strong.

by Katey Straley

## Rainbow

Red . . . is a rose from your sweetheart to be,
Orange . . . is the sun as it sets so lovely.
Yellow . . . is a lemon sour and sweet.
Green . . . is the grass of the fresh spring day.
Blue . . . is the sky as God has want it made.
Indigo . . . is early of a long summer night.
Violet . . . is the most beautiful of all sight.

That's the colors of all the rainbows as the rain of the day has let it form.
The rainbow has to be the most prettiest of all God's creation.

by Missy Ertz

## The Beach Babe

It all started when we went to the beach years ago, and there he was lying on his beach towel in the sun.

His body was so tan. His skin was gleaming in the sun because he had alot of suntan lotion on.

His golden blond hair was shiny while in the sun, and his blue eyes were like polished saphires.

Then he got up. His legs were perfect! Just gorgeous. Then a bunch of girls, in their skimpy bikinis, started to gather around him. He was flexing his huge mongo, buldging muscles for them! I have to admit that I was a bit jealous.

Then there came a loud scream from the ocean. It was a girl drowning. She would have probably died if it wasn't for that beautiful beacon babe, because he sprinted out to the ocean, swam out to the girl, and saved her life. When he came back to the beach with her in his arms, he put her on his beach towel, and started CPR until the ambulance came. Soon they had arrived and took the girl away.

Then everybody went over to the beach babe and were thanking him for saving the girl, and they told him how much of a hero he was.

I didn't get a chance to tell him anything so I just walked away. When I was going back to my towel and stuff, I felt someone tap me on the shoulder. It was him, the gorgeous beach babe. He asked me if I wanted to have dinner with him, and of course, without hesitation, I said, "Yes, that would be great," So we ended up going out to eat.

And that's how your father and I met!

Now it's time to go to bed! And I tucked the kids in their cozy beds, and gave them a goodnight kiss.

by Amy Siem

## Summer

Summertime
so sweet and kind -
it makes you want to
lose your mind
For all of the wonderful things
you can find
From swimming to biking
From running to jumping
From here to fro
and here I go
Summertime
for all the wonderful things
you can find

by Cindy Loussaert



She walked slowly, slouching her head, afraid for what she had done, although she knew she hadn't. Tears of terror ran down her rosey cheeks as she saw the car, sitting in the driveway, infront of the garage. She was apporaching the door gradually. SUDDENLY THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN, scattering glass everywhere. There he was towering over her with anger in his eyes. As she turned to run, he reached out for her long, sandy-blonde hair. She screamed with fear as he pulled her in, by the hair, to the house, slamming the door behind.

The screaming dimmed. Hours later you could hear the silent whimper, a corner in a room to huddle, with knees brought up under her chin, dropping her head slowly against her knees , her arms wrapped tightly around an old one-eyed teddy bear. Her eyes full of tears drenched the t-shirt she was wearing. Blood from a cut, under her eye, had hair entwined in it.

Dull yellow, blue, black, splotches that covered her body made it hard to wear white the next day, although at school, safe from him, she knew that when she arrived home, he would be there and also her fear . . .

It would happen again sometime . . . soon . . .

by Lisa Smith

It was a late, stormy October 29th. It was twelve thirty and I couldn't sleep, so I turned on the tube and found a **PSYCHO** rerun. Right when 'mama' stabbed the girl in the shower I remembered I had to think up a costume for my little brother. My bedroom and the living room are both downstairs so I had a lot of privacy.

A loud boom by the thunder and explosion of light by the lightning spiced up the movie a bit. The storm attacked the houses once more - but this time the electricity went out. I heard a slow walking upstairs, then a pause by the stove. I had to smile, every stranger in the house did that. STRANGER! The stairs door started to open. I froze with terror. It was a man with a hockey mask and a bloody kitchen knife. As he walked, there was a THUD, THUD, the head of the victim hitting the carpeted stairs, leaving a trail of blood behind. He dropped his victim and ran across the room to me - attacking. The demon's hand neared to my throat when suddenly the light went on and I saw a skeleton - then nothing, I was dead.

"Dave, did you figure something for me to wear? Look," he said pointing to the bag he had drug down the stairs. "I got my stuff in my cape and -" he stopped to glance at the TV - "watching this again, boy you are pitiful, I don't need YOUR help."

I just stood there thinking about Derek the Demon, Derek the Skeleton, and Derek the Killer hockey goalie.

by Dave Schnorrenberg

## Dreamland

By a brook on a cool autumn day,
Clouds drifting ever so slowly,
You can hear and feel the wind.
Slowly, you're falling into dreamland.
The animals coming up to sense your aroma.
To see if you are friendly,
They find out you are.
You have tried to enter dreamland many times before.

You daydream your hours away.
Images of white animals floating
Around in the sky, ducks, geese,
Sheep and fish.
Soon you will be floating with them.
After all, you will enter dreamland.

by Tricia Buckingham

## Seasons

Autumn leaves fall to the ground, landing so softly, not making a sound.

A winter breeze coming in so fast, meeting the world at last.

Spots of snow slowly drift away, signs that spring is on its way.

Now spring is here,
So let's give a cheer,
Coming with summer so does the sun,
the sun shining so bright bringing laughter and fun.
Autumn leaves fall to the ground . . .

Brian Wallis



## My Over Anxious Coach

Swish! Oh my, the ball went in the hoop. Making the score 23-24, our lead.

There's less than ten seconds to go in the most exciting game of my life. All we have to do is hold the ball and we'll be the champions of our league. Yeah!

Our coach is screaming aloud, "Hold the ball! Hold the ball!" The crowd is going WILD!

8 . .7 . . 6 . . the time is running out while my coach is still going crazy. But . . .What? . . . What does he do? He runs out on the middle of the court and screams at the top of his lungs to our point guard to hold the ball before he crosses the 10 second line!

All of a sudden the whistles blow like mad! The referees call time out to explain to my coach that he's gotten a technical and that the other team gets two free throws.

The player from the other team and the best free-throw shooter in our school walks out to the free throw line to take his two shots. He gets the ball, dribbles, then shoots. Swish! Making the score tied, 24-24. He shoots again and he . . . he . . . he makes it. Therefore making the score 25-24 their lead with the crowd going wild, crazy, and outrageous.

We were so . . .so . . .angry with our coach for a long time.

From then on and still going we make somebody sit with our coach so that he won't jump off the bench, our over anxious coach.

by Ashley Crow

## Sincere

My cousin, Jennifer, is a very sincere person. She has many outstanding qualities. One of her more outstanding qualities is the way she cares about people. She's a friend to almost anyone. She's always with her friends or doing one of her favorite things, being with children.

Jennifer loves babysitting. She would babysit for free if she had to. Jennifer loves teaching little kids. She is so patient and understanding with them.

She would make a good psychologist. Jennifer is a good listener and an excellent interpreter of feelings.

Jennifer is the forget and forgive kind of person. She does not hold your past mistakes against you. Jennifer is an all-around great person.

by Amy Shannon

## A "Valuable" Word of Advise

Hi, my name is Alfred P. Baldwinger, the III. I'm the richest kid in my whole school, for all that matters I'm the richest kid in my whole town.

Well now that you know a little about me, I guess I'll tell you more about wonderful, fabulous me. HA!

I live in Alfred P. Town, (named after my great, great, great grandfather) at 3000 West Rich Street. I have an indoor swimming pool, a sauna, and two tennis courts.

Actually my life is a luxury; caviar for lunch, and especially for me from my very rich grandma, 95% gold pencils, even with my name engraved on them.

But even though I'm rich, I have one slight problem. Now don't laugh, you would think you had a problem too, if you had no friends. So what can I say besides, "I'm friendless!" Oh, you think its funny? Well, it's not! You probably think it would be fun to be rich, right? Well think twice before you act!

Well, before I close with a "good-bye" I have one question to ask you. Will you be my friend?

Good-bye.

by Becky Schroeder

## Another Day of School

"Get up, Brian," was all that I heard,
jumping out of bed and listening to a bird.
Oh, hum, not another day of school,
boy I wish I was going to a swimming pool.
Getting dressed I looked at the clock,
hoping I would soon find my sock.
Sitting at my seat in school,
thinking of that swimming pool.
All of a sudden I looked at the clock,
Oh,boy, it's time to go.
running home thinking of that pool,
then I realized, it wasn't that bad at school.

by Brian Whitney



## Scuba Diving

I went up to Montana to see my grandma, grandpa, cousin, aunts, and uncle. I asked my Uncle Mike if he could take me scuba diving, and, of course, he said, "Sure." So one day we all decided to take a picnic. We packed, food, scuba gear, innertubes, ourselves, and away we went.

The day went on and I was getting very impatient so Uncle Mike said, "Put on your gear." I put on my rubber suit. It was like first eating a twenty pound turkey, then trying to fit in your size seven jeans. (very difficult) But I soon succeeded by edging it over my hips. Then I put on my air tank, my weights, goggles, flippers, and we were off to the big sea! I felt sorry for an eight hundred pound man, because that's exactly how I felt.

When my uncle and I were in the water he showed me how to clear my mask. Simply tip your mask up and blow-out with your nose. Everything was running smoothly so we decided to catch some craw-dads. They're very fast and tricky so I didn't catch too many. It feels very strange being under water. We couldn't see very far in front of us because of the sandy bottom.

The day was getting old so we decided to go up twenty feet to the surface. I had breathed 9,000 pounds of air, so that must have meant I was breathing very deeply,because I was very scared. We reached the surface and I could breath my own air. I felt like a creature coming out from the sea. It had been a blast of a day. We all went home and had craw-dads for supper.

Yuck!

by Beth Bader

## Puppies

Puppies are cute and cuddly! When you hold them, they snuggle close to you and gradually fall asleep. They aren't very playful at first, but as they get older, they become more and more playful. Some puppies have long ears, some puppies have short ears. Some puppies, when they are born, are small. Some are fairly large. But all puppies are cute . . . not matter what they look like!

by Aimee Cousino

## Bigfoot

Bigfoot is like a mystery never solved. It roams in the forests, and hides by the trees. It would never hurt a soul is what some people are told but others don't believe.

Does it ever grow cold?
Does it ever grow old?
Nobody knows.
People often wonder why it never can be found.
Is it a trick?
Is it a myth?
Is it just a silly old legend?

Although bigfoot is an untold story and never had proof that it really existed, it sort of makes you wonder, doesn't it?

by Tammy Perry

## Jay Bond 009

Long ago there was a kid named Tom. I'm 009, real name is Bond--Jay Bond.

I'm on a case looking for a weasel, about 5ft. 6 inch, curly hair, and looks like a weasel. I have been looking for him for a long time--about 30 minutes. He is going to be arrested for getting in trouble at school and for robbing five houses and one bank. He is very dangerous and has one M16. The first time I spotted him was thirty minutes ago walking down the street with his dog, Tom jr. For a couple of minutes I was following him. Suddenly he turned around and I jumped into a trash can. They the garbage truck came and threw one into the truck I lost him for twenty-five. I still had not found him until I saw him robbing a bank. I was going in when I saw a hot chick walk down the street. When I turned around he was gone.

I walk around the bank to see if anybody got hurt. Then I went up to the clerk and asked how much money was stolen, he said 16,000,000. About 10 minutes after he robbed the bank I spotted him trying to shoot some one and I arrested him.

by Jay Gale



## Spring Things Are Beautiful

The smell of the fresh air
after the storm,
A humming bird sucking nectar
from a flower at night's dawn,
A rainbow flowing over a hill
with a colorful glow,
The ocean washing the rocks
as the tides come in.
The sun setting
after a hard day of work,
A small deer peeking
from the forest.

by Rhonda Schneckloth

## Winter

Winter is snow
snow balls we throw
sleigh rides
and yule tides
tracks in the snow
and Santa saying Ho! Ho!
rosy cheeks
and snow capped peaks.

Winter is cozy kittens
and red mittens
crackling fire places
and smiling faces
jolly, fluffy, white snowmen
and bears snug deep in their den
Warm cider and hot soup
and shoveling snow from the stoop.

by Page Lillis

## Rainbow

A rainbow in the sky
aloft in the clouds, so very high
makes people want to stare at it
While all it does is, just sit
Then a little while later
look up real high
and all there is to see is the big blue sky

by Dan Allison

## First Days of School

"Buzz!" "Get up or you're going to be late!"
Have you heard this before? You sleep in all summer then it's 6:30 wake up call.
"Please! One more minute, Mom, just one more minute."
"Hurry up or you'll miss your bus!"
First not only are you tired but you have to pick just the right outfit. But why, you only go to school till 1:00?
As the bus doors open you figure, gee, I've actually made it this far. But when you think it's going to be a good day a nerd comes and sits by you. When your bus gets to school there is mass confusion!
People coming from the right and the left, old friends, new friends, everybody trying to find classes! After being lost for thirty minutes you find your first teacher.
After being in class for two whole minutes review starts! You start yawning and the teacher asks you a question.
On to the next class and you sit by a person who picks his nose. After all this it's time for lunch. Cafeteria food yum, yum! Could you die or what? In classes you don't have any homework and sit there like a bump on a log. It's another bus ride home and when you come through the door of your house, "How was your first day of school, honey?"
Brother, there are other questions to ask in this world, aren't there???

by Julie Wilson



## SILENCE

The slowly budding flower
That opens ever so gently;
A quiet meadow
Disturbed by no one;
The swaying trees
Blown by the wind;
The prancing deer
Quietly making it's way
To the rolling hills
Bright with autumn gold;
The singing bird
Contently watching
A sleeping kitten
Purring in the warm sun;
The sunset with its
Warm remembrance of how it was;
And the sunrise
With its slow brightness of how it will be;
The icesicles hanging
From the highest building
Dripping onto the fallen snow;
The falling snow on Christmas Eve
Lands in gently sloping hills;
A quick flowing waterfall
Rolls into a gently flowing stream;
Silence, is beautiful.

by Sheri Catlin

## Daisy

If a dog comes she starts to cry and hiss.
When she gets tired she's full of tenderness.
She is playful when she chases a ball of yarn.
Yet skillful, as she pounces on mice in the barn.
This is all about a cat named Daisy,
Who is as soft and cute as a baby.

by Traci Coulter

## A Memory

The fine white sand
Slipping through my toes
I look out at the ocean
Where the sun begins to grow
I see the tiny waves
That will soon be six feet high
And treasure this moment alone
As the morning slowly goes by
The cold salty water
Starts to hit my feet
Slowly as the day goes on
The water will begin to heat
I walk along in the breeze
And smell the salty air
The sight is so beautiful
That I have to stand and stare
The sound of people coming
Quietly enters my ear
As I start to walk back
I know a new day is near
I think about this sight
Wnenever I feel down
I just sit and picture it
Without making a sound
Soon I will return
To the sun, sand, and sea
This very special place
Will always be a part of me.

by Sandy Manley



## Alone

If I could go away and be
all alone,
I would stay there forever and
never come home.

But then I would start
to miss the friends I had,
Now I think life with
a friend is not so bad.

by Andy Fisher

## All Alone

I awoke but no one was there,
I'd just had surgery except no one cared,
Doctors and nurses bustling by,
I just lay there with a half-open lie
No flowers, candy, or cards.
Just the walls which were cold and hard.
No mother with a big kiss.
Or a family for me to miss.
I was alone and felt quite empty.
All the people in the world and no one to love me.
Many a time I had cried,
And wished for things with a big sigh.
Life was rough,
I had to hang tough!
Just then someone came in,
And looked at me with a teary-eyed grin.
She was my case worker,
So I smiled at her.
Maybe someone did care for me after all.
The orphan from Klondike Hall.
But then worse came to worse,
And Miss Blake pulled a tissue from her purse.
I had just died,
With my only true friend by my side.

by Jennifer Hested

## Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving is a time for cheer,
For that's when all our friends are near.
The table is set up nice and neat,
And everyone sits down to eat a treat.
The men's handsome and colorful ties,
Are all covered with pumpkin pies.
But the part that I like the most,
Is making the Thanksgiving toast.

by Jenny Higgins

## The First Halloween

On one October 28th night, the kids in the town of Parkersville were safe and sound in their bed at 7:00 at night.

Parkersville is a town in South Africa. The town rules the whole continent because King Parkers lives there.

The kids in Parkersville are ruled also by King John Parkers, the most cruelest ruler of all. He tells people what they should do, their bedtime, their curfew, and most of all not to have any fun!

The kids said on October 31st they were going to sneak out of their houses and try to kill the king.

If it worked, they were going to go from house to house getting candy. If people didn't give them any they are going to play a trick on them. So the kids thought for a second and decided to call it trick or treating.

Then they thought even more and decided to name the night they killed the king. Then they thought of the word "kill" which meant "Halloween" in French. The kids thought it was perfect!

On the night they sneaked out, they met in the town square, made a plan which was to sneak into the king's palace and take a butcher knife and stab him. After they killed him they would bury him in the garden. Now for the action!

Five of them snuck into the house. The plan worked perfectly! After that there was a ceremony for the five kids. They were honored the day of Halloween and trick or treating.

Just remember this story when you see another scarey Halloween movie because it just might be true!!!

by Angie Hansen



One rather windy day I was walking along the shoreline letting sand ooze between my toes, when off in the distance I saw what seemed to be a bottle bobbing up and down. So I waited until it got a little closer, then I dove in. The water was cold and the waves were a little choppy. I swam until I reached the bottle. Then I swam back to shore. By now my lips were blue and I had goose bumps all over. I was shaking hard so I wrapped up in my towel, and with my bottle we headed for home. When I got home my family and I gathered at the kitchen table. I slowly popped this cork and unrolled the rotten paper. It read: Those who read this shall be cursed by the Captain Marchess. Then I rolled up the note and placed it carefully in the bottle. Of course we didn't believe it but just to be safe we triple checked our locks tonight. We went to sleep. The next morning I woke up and I looked out the window and saw it was a bright sunny day. Then I looked in the mirror, there I saw it, my curse. Three great big red, noticeable zits. "I'm cursed!" I yelled. Five minutes later I found myself running toward the ocean with my bottle and I whipped it into the ocean. Soon after that my zits went away. Thank God!

by Becky Schroeder

## Hiccups

(hic) The hiccups are very uncomfortable. You get waterlogged because you drink a ton of water with no success. (hic)

When you get the hiccups you try to ignore them. People tell you that (hic) if you ignore the hiccups they go away. If you ask them if that works for them they usually say "I never get the hiccups."

Then (hic) they say to hold your breath and count to ten. You suck in as much air as possible and start to count, but (hic) halfway through, you hiccup (hic) again. You try once more, but (hic) it never works.

The hiccups do finally go away, but only to sneak up on you some other day.

by Valerie Schnekloth

## Peer Pressure

"Come on Amanda, just take a sip." "It can't hurt if it's only a sip," said Angel trying to act convincing.

"No Angel, I don't drink - even a dip!" Amanda yelled.

"Well, you had better start-'cause people in the 80's drink," Angel added. "So you better start."

"Don't you want to fit in?" Angel questioned.

"I fit in just fine, it doesn't mean drinking is the answer!" Amanda exclaimed, "Besides alcohol kills you!"

"I drink and I'm not dead," Angel added sarcastically.

"Not yet, that is," Amanda continued. "Believe me I know my grandfather died at the age of 50, because of alcohol."

"Gosh, Amanda, that's too young to die," Angel said.

"Maybe I better stop before it gets to be a habit and which I might not be able to control," Angel said.

"I'm glad you've decided that because your life will be alot better without alcohol - it's the right decision," Amanda explained in a slow but relieved voice.

by Gina Warner

## The New Comer

As the snow fell, I looked on in awe, whatever that means, mommy said I was looking with awe, anyway back to the story, where was I, oh yeah!

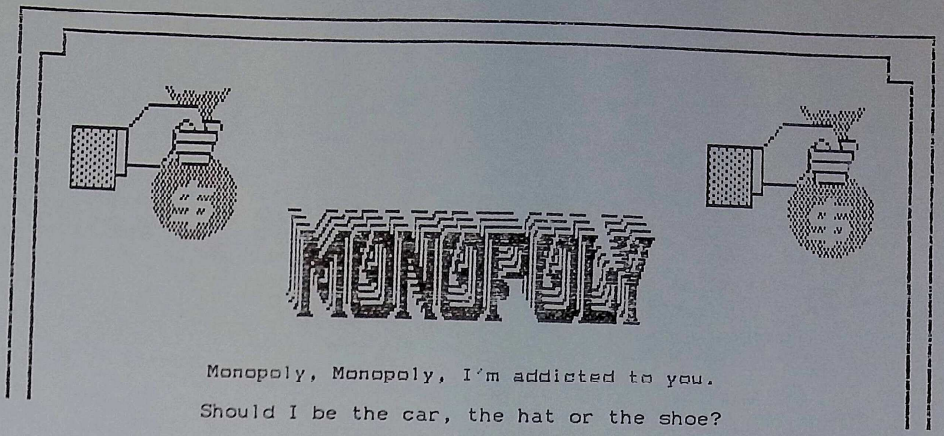
As the snow fell I looked on in awe. Did I say that? I guess I did.

This was the first snow I'd ever seen. I was born in June so I didn't get to see the snow. I wanted to touch it. Mommy could tell so she bundled me up and took me outside to play in the white fluffy stuff.

Dad looked out the window and discovered us there. He must like it too, because he joined in right away. He started throwing snowballs being very careful not to hit me. Mom got him back though, she hit him right in the head. He didn't like that so he went in. Mommy and I went in to try and comfort and win his love back. I guess.

by Mary Fitzgerald






Monopoly, Monopoly, I'm addicted to you.

Should I be the car, the hat or the shoe?

Once I've decided, I'll roll the dice.

Land on the Reading - don't have to think twice.

Fork out 200 - now it's my turn to wait

She rolls out a twelve. That's the thing that I hate.

Oh-oh Electric Co. here she comes!!

Then I roll the dice- and land on her space!!

Hand her $48- with a frown on my face.

She rolls out a 10- time to take a Chance!

Advances to Boardwalk - what a rat!!

Then I roll a 3 - the good old P.R.!

I pick it right up and she moves her car.

We continue like this for hours on end.

She picks up Boardwalk - I get Park Place.

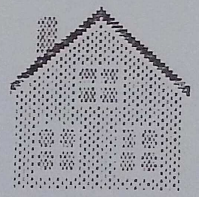
I get sent to jail- with a smile on my face.

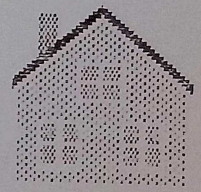
Then when it's late and the game's almost done,

We stop to count money - I don't believe it!

She's won!!

by Kelli Andresen





## The Kleenex Disappearance

This story takes place in the future. In this story all of the people have evolved into wierd-looking creatures with very large noses. Some people have learned how to use their noses for good, but you always have the people who are evil.

During this period in time all of the names , including people, have been changed. Meaning the names will be different. Oh, now let's get on with the story.

Once upon a time, during the Snot Age. Bisqius Nostrilius was on a goober break, when he discovered he was out of Snotland Tissues. You know the soft kind. He threw the box away and went down to the store to buy another box, but they were out of tissues. He went and asked the clerk about it. The clerk said the order was not in yet. Bisqius had an awful bad cold, so he decided to take the rest of the day off. As he was walking home he saw Baddy Cold, one of his worst enemies, on television. She was talking about how they have taken over the Snotland Tissue factory. He was so mad, he decided to go to Snotland and get the factory back.

To get to Snotland from Sniferland it only took one sneeze from his massive nose. He landed in a pile of puffs. He started walking down main street and decided to stop at Mucus Mall and check out the sales. Nothing was there, so he decided to go down to the factory and do what he came for. He entered the door to look for them, but all of his enemies were right there in the room. Biqius decided to wait and see if they would notice him. After 20 minutes, he got bored, so he snotted a booger from his left nostril, which was clogged. His enemy was covered in muck. As, he was leaving the police were cleaning the crooks off. Later that day, he heard it took them five hours.

by Ron Knoche



## Evil and Good

Evil is in the most blackest of hearts.
But also in some of the best of hearts.
Nature can also be evil to us.
Thunderstorms, tornadoes, hurricanes.
Nature can also be very good to us.
Like in dainty wildflowers
Sitting on the road-side.
Apples, red as blood,
But as sweet as honey.
Good and Evil.
Evil and Good.
You cannot have one,
Without the other.

by Jenette Barrios

## Courage

Near the sarcophagus, a coffin, they sat.
Four of the Kings' Knight-at-Arms,
Talking of wars they have fought in the past.
One said, "I have killed many-o-men,
So I have courage."
The other two agreed, but one said nothing.
The one who first spoke said,
"Thou hast not said I have courage.
Why not?"
"I think thou dost not have courage because you speaketh too much of it."
The first speaker said nothing, so he went on.
"Thou hast not been with courage, but without mercy."
"What does thou call courage then, since I have it not?"
"Courage is with mercy, doing things for others. Not for fame, or fortune. Not for thyself."
Nobody spoke for a long time. Then the one who spoke first stood up, roughly sheathed his sword, glared at the speaker . . .
then stomped away.

by Jennete Barrios

## Class Reunion of 1952

It was the night of my class reunion. And I was getting cold feet. I mean I hadn't seen my graduating class since the day we graduated from high school.

Our school wasn't much different from the schools today because we had popular, average, druggies, and nerds too. But on our graduating night something happened to change that all. Leroy, who was the biggest nerd became the most respected and popular student in our school.

I can remember Leroy very well. He'd wear tape on his glasses, carry a briefcase, wear bell bottoms, and carry a pocket size dictionary around with him.

One day he drove to school in a green camper, and when everyone laughed he honked his horn which played Beethoven's hit classic. That made everyone laugh more because Leroy loved classical music, and was in band.

Funny though, Leroy never seemed to mind the snickers behind his back or the name calling. He would just keep his chin in the air, and walk by. That made people a little annoyed because they couldn't make Leroy get mad enough to fight back.

On graduation night Leroy was wearing a black suit and tie and sat next to his parents waiting for the awards to be passed out.

When the awards were being passed out something happened that no one will ever forget.

The biggest and most honored award was being given to the person who had been on the honor roll the whole year, was in band, never gave up or gave in. It was given to Leroy the nerd who we all called the nerd, and never gave him a chance to prove himself.

When Leroy walked up the aisle to receive his award everyone stood up and slapped their hardest and cheered their hardest for someone they had classified as a nerd.

That was 20 years ago but we all learned a lesson that we'll never forget. "Just because a person wants to be himself doesn't mean they're a nerd or geek. They're just themself."

by Tricia Damron



## Coonies

I remember, I reckon' I was 15 years old. I was working on my daddies' ranch late one night, Tuesday to be exact.

Noises were coming out of the old barn. I thought I would go check it out, boy! Was that a mistake!!!

It was dark and damp in the old barn. We had built a new one because this one had to be over 50 years old and the roof leaked. Heck, nobody has been in here for at least 10 years!!

I heard some sqeaking noises in the corner. I looked and saw coonies!!! I thought they were banished from the Earth forever. But no!! They had to be in my barn!

Coonies are 3 legged animals with one eye, one ear, and a nose and a mouth on his head. Coonies almost take the shape of rats.

They bite you then give you cooties. (A disease that makes people stay from you.)

I started running but they all followed. All 94 of them. I squished 4 or 5 but they kept on running, squished or not! The only way to kill them is to rub their bellies.

So I started rubbing them, I reckon I killed about 30 before I got bit. I kept on rubbing though, not caring if I got bit or not. I got done rubbing 93 bellies when the one I squished got up again.

It ran full speed at me and yow! It bit me! Trying to get another bite I rubbed its belly.

It was summer and cooties only last two weeks a bite. So I was on my own for a month, but I was OK.

Then I heard, "Dr. Shalmar, the patient in room 347 has went into hysterics. A strait jacket may be needed!"

John Anthony Crazy
is a man who sniffed too much horse and cow manure and is now being treated at Mercy's Mental Institution in Miami, Florida.

by Jenna Harker

The evil warrior
Rose from the dead
He clobbered good
He fought for bad
Many a man
He did cut down
He filled the mind
With Evil thoughts
There rose a warrior
Within thy keep
Defeated evil
Throughout the land
Cut of the evil
Warrior's Head

by Matt Bremenkamp

## My Most Cherished Dream

I am in 7th grade, and I like ballet alot. I am very nervous because I have to go and perform in a ballet concert tonight.

It all started when I was younger and started practicing. I like to dance and I practice all the time. There was one problem though. My brothers and sisters and friends laughed at me and told me I would never be a good dancer. I would always run to my room and cry, because I knew I wasn't very good.

I told my mom I really wanted to take lessons. She said I could, I was so happy. I went to sleep and dreamed about a concert very much like the one I am in tonight.

The next day after school my mom took me to Capezio. It's a ballet store. I got a leotard and some tights, and shoes. Then we went to the ballet studio. The people there were very nice, I felt very much at home.

The next night I started lessons. I was a little stumped at first, but after a while I got the hang of it. I was beginning to be very good. The teacher was very impressed with how much I had improved. She said I had a natural talent.

One day after practice the teacher came up to me and asked me to be in a concert. I couldn't believe it. I was going to be in a concert. It was only a small part, but it was a start. More parts came along. Each time they got bigger and bigger.

Then the biggest concert of the year came around. I was going to tryouts, and I realized I had forgotten my tights at home. She let me hurry back and get them, and then go last.

I couldn't believe it. I got the part. And now tonight I am going to be in the concert. The leading roll. I just wanted to tell you dreams can come true.

by Shelly Melcher



As I am sitting on my bed thinking of what to write for a language arts paper, not coming up with anything too exciting, I decide to write my thoughts.

I suppose I could write about my friend, or my family. I could write about my favorite sport, or even an opinion paper. I guess I'll write a little of everything.

My friends are super important to me at this stage in my life. I like to be able to tell someone my deepest thoughts, without telling them to someone in the family.

I can feel the change in the way I feel about my family that almost every teacher talks about. I don't exactly know why I don't get along, or don't always like to be with my family. I guess when I get older things will change. Now I like to be alone in my room, or with friends.

In the summer most of my time is spent playing softball. Softball and baseball have been my favorite sports for about ten years. Four years old may seem a little young to discover a favorite sport, but my brother taught me how to play, and I've always idolized him.

My parents say fourteen is too young to have boyfriends. I don't agree with them. I think thirteen is a good age to start having boyfriends. Having boyfriends before thirteen is a little young, but not after. I had boyfriends at eleven, and now I think it was dumb.

When I was in Kindergarten I had a so called "boyfriend". Then I thought it was neat. After a few years my family moved. That same boy, and I still write to each other, and plan on seeing each other this summer.

My parents know I have boyfriends now, but they aren't too thrilled. They don't say too much about it.

by Elle Wood

## Changes

People often change you know
Their hearts and minds expand and grow
The life of a person from beginning to end
Will change or else they'll never win.
From music taste
To driving pace
People have to change it's true
The next one to change could be you.

by Tim Cook

## The Alien Gumdrop

One day Tommy and I were walking home from school and we saw a big space ship land in the middle of the street. There were flashing lights all over on it. We had never seen anything like it before in my whole life.

Seconds after it landed there were hundreds of people standing around it wondering what it was. All of a sudden a big purple monster got out. It had three eyes and looked like a giant gumball. It was really weird looking. Then the monster started walking down "Main Street." It stopped at "Cathy's Candy Store" and ate everything in sight.

Then it went down "Main Street" further and turned left onto "Candy Street Drive", which had 9 different candy stores on it.

First it went to "Kary's Kandy Store" and ate everything like candy bars, gum, suckers, tootsie pops, and other stuff like that. After that it went to "The Candy Express" and ate everything it could get its hands on.

Soon after that it had went to the rest of the candy stores on the street and ate everything.

Then it turned right onto "Cross Street" and went to "Whopper Willy's Candy Store" which was the biggest candy store in the city. It had enough candy to feed an army of kids, for 20 years. They had every kind of candy ever made there. When it walked in it went straight for the row of bubble gum and ate it all. Then it went to the row of candybars and chocolates and ate all of them. After that it ate all the lollypops and tootsie rolls. Then all that was left in the whole store until all that was left were a row of sweet tarts and everlastiong gobstoppers. But it was too full to eat any more so it tried to walk out the door but it wouldn't fit so it went out the big picture window. When it finally got back to its ship, it got in and it got really windy all of a sudden. It sucked me in a hole in the top. I started yelling, Help, Help, Help, Help, Hel . . "Chad! Chad wake up now, it's just a dream." But mom. . . "Get ready NOW!!! You've got a big test in history today on monsters."

But I know I saw something really weird.

The End

by Ryan Iossi



## Mom

My mom is a helpful person. When I can't find my shoes she tells me where they are.

My mom is caring. She took me to the doctor when I slammed my finger in the door. My mom is a dedicated person. She started a church bazaar and when things got bad she did not quit.

My mom is a helpful person to the church. She has entered to help at bazaars and activities. Even if it is a job she does not like, she will still help.

She is a secretary at the United Methodist Church and she does special things for the pastor, even if she has to stay after work to do them.

My mom is very understanding. When I get bad grades in school, she does not punish me, but tries to help me bring those grades up.

My mom is a good person!

Cory Olson

## Hero

We all went to the lake the day that Jeff saved that little girl from drowning what happened was . . .

It was another hot sunny Saturday and the whole family was just sitting around doing nothing watching Saturday morning cartoons when I came up with a brilliant idea that we all go to the lake for a picnic. We could swim and eat and go boating. The folks thought it was a good idea. We all got ready. Scott, my big brother, was bringing his best friend Jeff. I brought my best friend Kerri. We made the long 2 hour drive and when we arrived we all went swimming, while Mom set up the picnic lunch. When we all got to the table, we saw something that would have made you just stand like a statue and stare without knowing what to do. There was a little girl who had wandered out into deep water and saw her just go under.Jeff took off toward the water in a mad dash and dove in where she had gone under, came up with her sputtering and coughing. As he brought her ashore, the girl's mom thanked him dearly. Everyone congratulated Jeff and decided it was time to go home. It was an exhausting day.

by Tricia Wilcox

## I'm Not Afraid . . .
## (I think)!!!

It's a **spooky** night, in a dark cave's lair,
Where bats screech and fly most everywhere!
My friends are brave and persist to move on.

I slowly catch up, and start to relax,
**THEN** . . . Oh, no!!! There's a **bloody** ax!
UGH! YICH!!! I think I'm gonna barf!
"Here," my friend said and handed me her scarf.

We waited for minutes not knowing what to do,
When suddenly my friend started to turn blue.
"Look . . . in the corner," she falteringly said,
There lay a nauseating, retarded looking head.

"Ah-h-h-h!!!" we screamed, and looked out of that cave.
And never again did we try to act brave . . .
(especially on Halloween)!

by Jennifer Halen

## "Silent Night **Deadly** Night"

All the trouble started on December, 22, 1986, when we were getting egged almost everyday. We were so mad that we almost called the state police. On the 24th (Christmas Eve) Tim, "our son" was watching T.V. when on the roof we heard footsteps, then some soot fell from the chimney. Tim looked into the fire place. He said, "Look Mommy, Santa Claus!" Then a knife was thrown into Tim's head, he screamed in terror for a minute and then he fell on the floor. Dead! Then a suicidal idiot (retarded crazy guy) dressed in a Santa Claus suit came tumbling out of the chimney with an axe. He dumped the bag on the floor, inside there were the remains of Tim's father.

Across the street a friend named Mark Pischke came over to see what all the commotion was. He was carrying a VZI. Pischke saw an eyeball fly out of the window. Then he thought to use his army tactics he learned in the Girl Scouts. He rang the doorbell. "Do you want some Girl Scout cookies?" Mr., Oh no, not again. The psycho threw a cooking knife in his family jewels. And Pischke dies. The mad man sits down int he new lazy boy chair eating cold pizza while listening to Christmas carols. He takes off his mask it is . . .

by Tim Stamate



## "Paper"

Paper, I think that being a piece of paper would not be the thing to be. First it would be horrible being a log that is cut into a piece of paper. Then you would have to go to the place where they put the lines on you, then they punch the holes on your side, and that hurts! After that you would feel lonely because you would not know any one else. Before you were used you would either be put together in a book like a journal or just be put in with other pieces of paper in a package.

Next you would be shipped to a store where you would be sold, and let me tell you it's not fun! If you were lucky you would be sold. In my case I sat around on a shelf, and that was a barrel of monkeys. I just sat around!

On the other hand you could be one of the ones that gets used right away and that's not fun either, they write on you. Can you believe that! After you get used they either keep you and let you rot away or they get rid of you. They throw you away! Crush you! Mush you! Throw you away!

The people take you and put you in a garbage sack and then the garbage man comes and takes you to the dumps. Then they just throw you in a big pile and leave you and hopefully you won't be on the bottom. I would not advise you to be a piece of paper.

by John Peterson

## Shopping

When I go shopping I usually go with a friend and we stay at the mall from 12:00 PM to 2:00 PM. We grab something to eat and then look for guys and at clothes. We practically look through all of the stores that have sales because we usually don't bring a whole lot of money along.

After walking for awhile we sit and watch the people and children go by plus the guys, so we decide to walk again.

We stop at the make-up stores to put some make-up on from the sample kits, then we spray on some sample perfume which usually smells O.K..

We look at the jewelry that's on display and wish we could have all the diamonds.

Well, it gets to be 2:00 PM and we have to go, so we walk slowly down the mall and wait at the doors for my mom to come pick us up.

by Kathy Laughlin

## "Dentist Appointment"

I woke up this morning at 6:30 and my mom tells me that I have a dentist appointment in half an hour. Now I'm upset. I had no warning of such an earthshaking experience going on.

So I get up, get dressed, and get my school stuff together. My dad then drives to the dentist.

I walk into the office, 5 minutes late, and this lady in white comes out & cackles, "We've been expecting you, come on in."

So I walk in, sit down, & before I know what's happening, they're shining this bright light in my face. Then they lie, "This will only hurt a little bit," and proceed to drill the entire inside of my tooth. They're saying not to twitch and squirm and I'm just worried about surviving. They then fill it with plastic filling, decide it isn't done right, take it out, & refill it again. One other thing they 'needed' to do was paint the tops of all my molars. So they paint them up, spilling paint on my tongue (which I swallow) and they're done. They laugh a little about how much I twitched & squirmed, making it seem like a joke! Then they call my father to say that everything went great. (He believes them.)

It just made my day!

by Clint Schnekloth

## Why

She sat in the corner of the basement made of stone. A shiver went up her back as a silent sigh was passed. Oh, how she was so small and cold. Oh, so very all alone. Sure there were her aunts and uncles all dressed in black. She really didn't want to go back to all of that. So she sat for awhile and then as a tear she had tried to hide, slid slowly down her cheek, she cried out in a mournful voice, "Oh why, Oh why, did he have to go? God, please bring my daddy home."

by Shawna Nash



## The Dreamer

Vanna White was the kind of person who dreams about bad things like being killed. Until one night it happened, she was murdered.

It all started when Vanna got this mysterious phone call from some stranger. She didn't understand why he kept saying, "Bad dreams do come true, Bad dreams do come true

She told her parents about it the next morning at breakfast. But they said it was just some sick person playing jokes. It was a sick person, but he WASN'T playing jokes. The next day Vanna got another phone call, but this time he said, "Bad will come true, Bad dreams will come true TONIGHT!!" Vanna didn't think anything of it, because like her parents said it was a sick joke! But it wasn't, why didn't she see that?

He was right, her dream was going to come true that night. He knew how she thought and dreamed. For you see, it was her father, her real father. Her parents where divorced (Vanna's) and Vanna looks alot like her mother. So Mr. White was going to seek revenge on her.

Mr. White had just been released form Houston's Mental Ward. After his wife left he had a breakdown & tried suicide twice.

He wanted Connie (Vanna's mom) to hurt like he did.

That night Ted & Vanna were found dead. Ted was holding Vanna with tears seeping from his eyes. There was a tape player by her bed. Officer Clark pushed play & the last words filled the house. "Oh, Vanna, pick me a letter . . ."

by Mary Shaffer

## "The Girl"

Her blondish-brown hair shimmered in the breeze of early morning light. Her eyes were as blue as the sky of an early autumn day. Her mind was at rest, nothing entered her mind except the smell of the ocean so crisp, so clean, it cleansed her mind of all sin. It was as though the waves were bowing down to her beauty.

by Ryan Riewerts

## Halloween Is . . .

Trick-or-Treating and getting lots of candy,
Spooky Jack O'Lanterns with diamond eyes, large nose and it glowing in the night.
Trick-or-Treaters creeping up to your door and scaring you when you open the door.
Halloween Is . . .
Spooky costumes,
Funny costumes,
Sad costumes,
And mad costumes.
Boughten or home made they're not all the same. Some with make-up some with masks.
They are all scary but the things such as Friday the 13th they all remind me of one thing, one word, "Halloween".

by Andrea Burroughs

## My Cat

I love the way she cleans herself,
She always jumps up on the shelf.
She sleeps on my pillow every night.
Then later on we'll get into a small fight.
She practically never scratches me,
I guess it's because she loves me.
She always gets me when she's out of food,
but,
I don't mind, as long as she's good.
We named her Micki cause she's black and white.
She's the runt cause she's really light.
When we went to the Humane Society to get a cat,
I picked her out.
Then at home, she ran all about.
Ever since then,
She's my best friend.

by Kerri Stein



## Courage

One bright and sunny day Theo, the nerdiest lion in the jungle, said to his friend, an average and sometimes cool guy, that he was going to beat up Mike, the strongest jock in the jungle (sometimes called Mike the Mutilator). Theo's friend tried to talk him out of it but failed. Theo was now going to commit suicide by picking a fight with Mike.

After growling class Theo went up to Mike and told him to lay off him. Mike was hangin' with his friends and fellow gang members so he tried to be cool and threw a punch at him. But Theo, with the lightning speed of a panther, blocked the punch and aced Mike with a right hook to the jaw. Mike fell on his butt. Mike got up and with all his energy he ran.

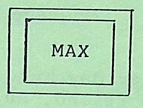
From that day on everyone in the jungle treated Theo the bold, as he's called now, with respect.

by Jeff Buzzell

## Courage

Courage is when you're brave and bold;
You do something fearlessly without being told.
It's when you have guts, and strength comes in handy too.
No matter what might happen to you,
You can get the fame and the glory,
for doing something brave or even gory,
You could be pronounced a hero;
or you could be killed for goodness sake,
but that's the risk you'll have to take.
I was brave once, can't you see?
I'm the one in the hospital with the i.v.
The doctors say death is soon to come,
but I'm not scared; courage has made me number one.

by Jenny Birtell




"Catch the wave, Coke!"

"O.K., O.K. - that's a wrap. Everybody go home and get some rest."

That was the director, a pretty good guy. I'm just a kid who made up a character on my computer . . . Max Headroom. You see, after I finished drawing in the facial details on the guy, the screen started to flash on and off. And then, from out of the blue, I heard some strange noises coming out of my computer. It kind of sounded like someone stuttering. I hit my computer monitor, and it happened - I saw him (Max that is) moving freely about my screen. And then, after about two minutes he said, "Hello, my name is MMM Max Headroom, are you the one who created me?"

At that moment I was in shock but after about 5 seconds I said, "Yes," Then I realized he could see me! I called my friend John right away & told him about it. He didn't believe me so he came over to see Max.

Then John had an idea, he said I could make a fortune with this guy . . . and he was probably right.

After a few days, we had reporters at our door & the phone never stopped ringing. John sure could spread news fast! And after a couple of weeks, it was making national news.

About a week after the news story on national T.V., several companies (including Coca Cola) made some offers to me that took my interest. The best one was Coke, they said that they would give me half of all the profits they made with Max. So I signed a document & let them use Max in a few promotions. I'm getting my share of the profits in a couple of days.

After the promotions are over, I don't know what I'll do with Max. I guess I could sell him, or I could just erase him from the computer memory banks. I guess I'll just have to find out then.

by Jeff Keppy



There is a full moon,
This Halloween night.
The sky is all gloomy,
The air full of fright!

The cobwebs all hang,
From chandeliers high,
Watching for somebody's
Head to roll by.

Those frightening pumpkins
Just sit all around.
Their light shines so bright
On decaying old ground!

Look in the graveyard,
No friendly 'hello',
From one of the ghosts with
Their corpses below.

The twelve o'clock strike-
Such a terrible sound!
To warn all the people
Of ghouls all around.

There comes our mother
So now we're in bed!
With our stomachs filled up
And our tongues colored red.

From candy we found
Behind every door,
Saying "Trick-or-Treat!"
Or "Can I have some more?"

Halloween's over,
We had so much fun!
Look-there's a goblin
Everybody run!

by Tonya Soenksen

## Snow is . . .

Snow is . . . sparkling
white and as bright
as sun light.

Snow is soft and
flaky as powder

Snow softly whisping
to the ground
slowly
slowly
slowly

by Stephanie Goodrich

## The Deer in Winter

Quiet, Quick, Quaint,
Lovable, Likable, Lonely
The Deer is free

The deer is alone
free in the country
and in the woods

Alone and starved
frightened and fast
leaves and bark

Food, is slim
Winter is grim
Sad for deer

Spring is soon
Spite will be full
Spring galore

by Heidi Otte



## That Chance

"Mom, this is my second year at Princeton District Junior High; I'm an eighth grader. Finally I'm at the top of my class, and I'm still incredibly nervous. I just survived a whole summer with my family, got my first decent tan in ten years, had another birthday, and got caught up on all the soap operas. Why in the heck don't I want to come back to my friends at school? . . . Mom," I was beginning to wonder if I wasn't speaking to a brick wall!

"You mean you're done with your life story? . . . Morgan, boring as you may have thought it was, you got used to being at home all day, lounging in the backyard, and finding out whether Eden and Cruz are going to attempt marriage again or not. Just give it a couple of days, and you'll be having the time of your life. Besides, none of the boys have seen you with your contacts - you just wait. You'd better go Hon, and Morgan - enjoy yourself!"

"Ha! Pray for me, Mom . . . and Mom, thanks for the pep talk!"

I slammed the door of our '85 Mercedes Benz, and walked up the sidewalk to the dreaded zone of education.

After I got my schedule, and started walking toward homeroom, a familiar face passed by me.

"Allie," I called, and started walking towards her.

"Hey, you're a seventh grader aren't you? I'm an eighth grader, in case you don't know what that means - I'll tell you. You don't talk to me, and I don't talk to you - then everything will be hunky-dory! I won't have to hurt you,either!" I hadn't ever seen this side of Allie in all seven years of our friendship.

"Wow! Haven't we turned into a snob," I shot back to the back of her head.

As Allie turned around to face me, she said, "I'm gonna really . . . .hey, it's Morgan! Boy have you changed!" She said as we began exchanging our summer memories.

"You've really changed!" was probably the most used phrase of the day!

Mom was right - the day went really well . . . uh, until last hour studyhall.

"My name is Mr. Travis. There is just one thing you need to know, that's that I hate eighth graders and last hour studyhall. Oh, and you should also know that I have no pity for band students," Oh great, fantastico! I have him for last hour studyhall, I'm an eighth grader, and I'm in 3 bands.

By the end of the day, I felt pretty much "in" the group. Except, all my girlfriends had their eye on a guy, and I still had a crush on a freshman that changed schools.

I always had a problem when it came to liking the guys - once I really got to know them, they turned out to be real crumb-bums! So, I avoided this whole situation by making a pact with myself - I wasn't going to get interested in any guys this year, at all. I guess it was pretty easy to follow for the first five weeks, because I really hadn't met many other kids outside my group of friends.

cont. -

At church we were meeting on sunny weekends with the eighth, ninth, and tenth grade youth groups for various sports. Swimming, volleyball, basketball, and softball. We had so much fun talking and competing together. We all got along, there wasn't any push for the "in" group. Here was really where I met some kids that I would be with in high school. But Mitch really made me nervous, I really liked him sometimes, then I realized what would come if I really became interested in this sophomore. Tense was the word! But I still looked forward to the weekends.

Excited was the emotion shared by our small group of girls who got together and sang the latest hit songs heard by all at Princeton Jr. High. We were pretty good too. We called ourselves "Insanity", which was the exact word I used to describe our attitudes. Some thought we could be the best teenaged band of rock in the country, and some said we were just wasting our time. I'm not sure where I stood on that issue.

One afternoon while we were practicing in the deep sanctuary of the church, in walked Mitch, in the middle of our version of "Is This Love". He was wearing some dark gray cord-jeans and an earth colored sweater with boat shoes.

"What a prep we have!" As the band's music faded and finally broke down, girls walked toward Mitch and began to flirt and chat. He did look around them to see me off, away from them, looking over a new piece of music. He said "hi" to me and I mumbled the same back. I felt like a tiny creature in a huge foreign world.

In the next few weeks, it seemed as if every social event I went to, Mitch was there too. I knew since he was so popular, I had no chance with him. Yet I was still trying to monitor my feelings for him.

All of a sudden, out of the blue, he asked me, a tiny eighth grader, out that Friday night. I said I'd have to get back to him later that night. Now, I had a big decision to make.

Stick to my promise, don't stick to my promise. It took me awhile, but I concluded that I didn't want to be hurt again by someone who at first I thought was next to perfection.

Twenty years later, it struck a sensitive nerve to see Mitch and his corn-silk blonde wife at our high-school reunion. Maybe I should nave gone with my heart when I had that one chance.

by Amy Dix

## For Those Years I Cried

We dated for a year,
then two,
and hung around with all our peers.
We dated and dated,
and said that we loved each other.
Then came her,
she told him,
"I love you."
and he believed her.
He came to me and said,
"I've found someone else.
Don't be upset with me,
please!
Can we still be friends?"
I didn't know what to say
so I just stood up
and walked away.
I've cried for all those years
that we meant something in
each others life.
Now I'm a nobody in his life,
and he's a nobody in my life.
I cried and cried until
my eyes were dried
and still said,
"He's a nobody in my life!"
Nobody said much,
nobody cared.
It was just her and him,
and him and her.
There was no he and I,
or me and him anymore.
For all those years,
spent together, I cried
and cried,
'cause we'd never
ever be together again.

by Marilyn Marsengill

## Peeping Tom

On Halloween night exactly 1 year ago, I was helping my brother decide what to be for Halloween.

After my brother & parents left, I went in my room not following my mother's orders to pass out candy so I could eat it myself.

I looked out my window & this boy dressed like Tom Sawyer was staring at me. I screamed & pulled down the blind, then ran into the kitchen, & pulled the blinds down in there and all over the house.

I ran into the living room & pulled open a MilkyWay. (I'm hyper, I need chocolate). I heard the screen door open then. I ran into the kitchen & pulled out a chef's knife (ready to face anything or anyone) ran to the basement door & let up my Irish Setter (real mean looking). Then I heard the garage door being forced open. I ran to lock all the doors when my mother yelled throught the door, "Brandy, what is going on in there? Will you let us in?"

"Mom! Oh, yes."

"What are you doing with a knife Brandy, & what is the dog doing upstairs with muddy feet & look at the carpet. Guess who gets to clean it?"

Just then there was a knock at the door & there stood Tom Sawyer who just happened to be my neighbor Gary.

"Gary, it was you!"

"Yea, Sorry I scared you. It was just a joke."

"It's okay."

"Want some of my candy?"

"Sure."

We went trick-or-treating together & pigged out on candy, until we were too sick to eat anymore.

by Brandy McCroskey

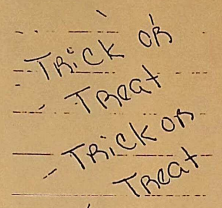
## Under My Bed

The monster under my bed did haunt my head.
He sneaked out of my drawers and through the floors.
He leaped out at me from behind the doors, but was
always gone when the lights came on.

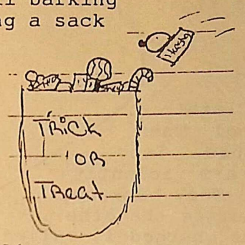
by Jen Sims



## Halloween Nights

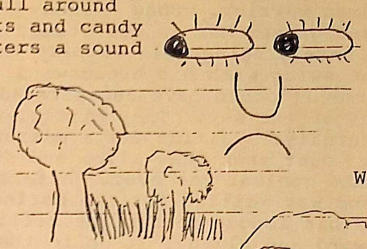



It's all dark outside
Everyone dressed in black
The dogs are all barking
Everyone holding a sack

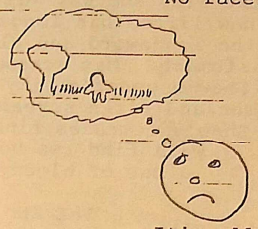



The kids are excited
The parents quite bored
Hands reach for doorbells
Candy is poured

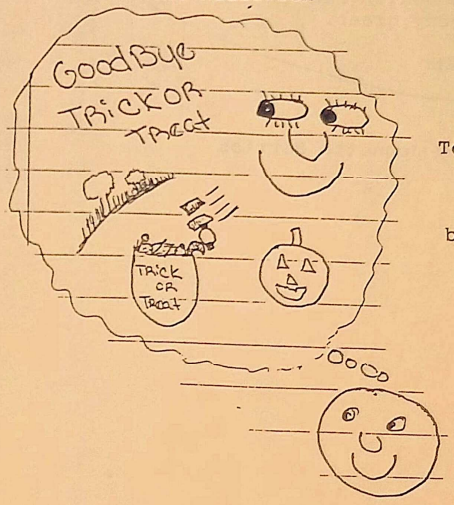
Witches and Goblins
Pumpkins all around
Flashlights and candy
No one utters a sound



All eyes are staring
Into the woods
When out comes a shadow
No face, just a hood



He disappears as
soon as he's seen
his memory will remain
until next Halloween




It's all dark outside
The day is now done
The sacks are all filled
To their homes the children now
RUN ! ! ! !

by Amy Manley

## The Fight

Clash!
Clang! Then
a pause. Two
warriors are violently
fighting. They back up,
then one charges the other.
The one who has charged is called
Shaw, an elfen warrior. The other
is Max, a human warrior. Shaw swings
his long sword and grazes Max in the stomach.
Max was saved by barely being able toparry the
blow. He returns the swing with his broadsword, hits
the elf in the sword arm. It could have decapitated Shaw if
he hadn't jumped mostly out of the way. They circle, waiting for
what seemed like an eternity. Waiting for a mistake that
would mean death for one. Just then Shaw slips and falls. Max
comes charging, thinking the contest was over. A fatal mistake.
Shaw had faked the slip and was waiting for the perfect moment.
When Max came, Shaw lifted his longsword for the killing stroke.
Shaw lifts the longsword and plunges it up to the hilt
into Max's stomach. Max screams and drops his sword.
It hits Shaw's chest cavity and slices it open.
Human and Elfen screams blend. When
Shaw's comrades find them, they
will find two bodies and
a lot of bloody grass.

THE END

by Jennette Barrios



## Mondays

Mondays
are
lousy
but
very
unique

Then
When
I
look
at
myself
in
the
mirror

My
hair
is
a
mess.

When
I
look
in
the
mirror

So
far
so
good

But
I
still
think
Monday
is
to
be
the
BLAME!

## Mondays

When
I
Wake
Up
I
fall
back
asleep.

I
then
faint
very
severe.

My
face
is
so
gross

I
look
like
shriveled
up
white
toast.

My
Mondays
went
about
the
same

by Amber Rindler

## SEASONS

The snow softly flutters to the ground
silence has set upon us;
The peace of the winter's calm
lets the mind wander;
Thinking of the warm summer sun
as you lay on the beach;
Picturing the crisp autumn leaves
fall softly to the ground;
And the spring sun
that melts the hardly packed snow.
The snow falls harder
bringing you to the present;
Making you think about
the stillness frozen around you;
Beautiful is the forming icicles
hanging from the building.
Be thankful for what you have
and what is around you.

by Sheri Catlin



## Super Sam

Super Sam was not agile, by any means. He wears a Super-man outfit, but instead of a cape he has a trench coat. Sam wears a top-hat and has a red Snoopy lunch box. Oh, and he weighs 400 pounds. His top-hat is glued on, otherwise he would lose it!

One day he went to North Scott Junior High. The teachers were running all over. "Super Sam! Help us!" one teacher said. So Super Sam went in. But it took awhile. Because he had to get off the ground. As soon as he went in the lunchroom . . . it was quiet until someone yelled "GET HIM!" All of the food started coming toward him. In all directions peas, pizza, salad, jello, and that milk carton didn't feel too good. Then Super Sam took a step forward. But as I said he was not agile. He tripped over a lunch box and smashed it. Soon the fight was in full swing again. Then Super Sam said, "IF YOU DON'T STOP I'LL SIT ON YOU!. . ." And then the room was quiet. Then he said, in his loudest voice,"CLEAN UP THIS MESS!" And they started to clean it up. In twenty minutes, all of the kids were in their classrooms. And the lunch room was the cleanest it had ever been. The school offered him a free lunch. But he said, "No, thanks, the school's food is too greasy. Besides, me and Snoopy like to eat together."

THE END

by Jenny McGimpsey

There are some differences between the sun and the moon. One of the differences is that when the sun shines, it's light out, and when the moon shines, it's dark out. Another reason is that when the sun is out it is warm to hot. And when the moon is out, it is cool to cold. The color is also different too. While the sun can be any color from red to black, the moon is a white to light gray. Another one of the differences is that people have landed on the moon, but can't get close to the sun. But the sun is quite larger than the moon. These are some of the differences between the sun and the moon.

by Amee Dickey

## The Football Game

We had been practiciing days just for our last game against DesMoines East in the state finals. On the way to the field you could hear a pin drop on that bus because people were getting psyched up. Our team was the kind of team that waited for the other team to make a mistake, and we took advantage of it. I think our team is ready for this game.

When we got to the field, everything was perfect. We looked at the field imagining us crushing them.

In the first quarter of the game we were kind of getting beaten badly 23 to 0, no one scored in the 2 or 3 quarters. We thought our dreams of being the state champions had ended, but 10 seconds into the fourth quarter we scored. That made us real hyped up. We kept on scoring. With 23 seconds left in the game we were on the 36 yard line. The score 21 to 23 in their favor. A field goal would let us win. We decided to play it for 21 more seconds. That was a good choice. We were on the 17 yardline, now an easy point. Our kicker came on the field. Everyone was nervous especially the kicker. We all watched sadly as the ball soared left of the goal post, but for some reason the ball curved and went through those big white posts. WE HAD WON!

by Gerry Leete

## The Winged Owl

Very rare she is, this winged one. Let me tell you about her.

Her name is Arie. As you can tell by her "title" she has wings, but she looks somewhat human. There are major differences though.

She is normal in height. Her thumb, forefinger and middle finger in her left hand, and thumb and forefinger in her right hand are stronger and longer than the others. Between her fingers are webbing to help her fly.

Her toes are clawed to climb straight, undamaged walls with ease. Her eyes are crystal-like blue.

On her torso and head she has sleek, black fur. Her wings are jet balck. Her skin is almost ivory white. Quite a contrast to her wings and body.

Her wings can span a 10 foot by 10 foot room only half-spread. Her wings are very strong, she can easily knock down the biggest horse. She can fly hours upon hours without getting the least bit tired. She's a wonder you shouldn't miss.

by Jennette Barrios



## "Why Does It Have to be This Way?"

I sat in my room listening to my parents fighting. That's all they seem to do anymore. No matter where I go or what I do I can still hear them. I keep asking myself, "Is it all my fault? Am I the one causing them to do this to themselves?"

Some of my friends are noticing that my grades are lowering and I don't seem to dress as well. They ask me, "Cheri, what's up?" But I really don't want to talk about it. Can't my parents see what they are doing to my life? They only seem to think about them. Not me. I mean it's like I'm not even there. I really feel left out and I want to get help. But who should I go to?

The next day when I got to school my best friend Sarah forced me to tell her why I was acting like I was. She told me that I should go to the counselor and talk to her. It took me awhile but I finally agreed.

I went in there 4th period and talked to her. She gave me some really good advice. But the thing was that I didn't know if I could face them with the truth. She told me to go up to my parents and tell them just how I feel.

I walked home from my bus stop slowly, trying to think up a way to say what I had to say. This was really hard for me, and I didn't know if I could say it, but I had to be strong.

I sat, watching T.V. in the living room hoping my parents would be late. but then there was a car pulling up in the driveway. I felt like running and hiding where no one could ever find me. I sat there, lost in hope, and I didn't even hear my parents come in. they hung up their coats and I don't remember the rest. All I remember is that my parents woke me up by yelling at me because I forgot to clean out the fireplace.

I walked slowly, with all hope lost, to my room. At that moment I wished I was dead. I ghought that no one would even notice me gone.

I could hear my parents fighting again. Then I heard footsteps in the hall, then the door being alammed open. It was my dad yelling at me about the way I was doing my work. He told me that I was a joke to the human race. Then all of a sudden I lost my temper and yelled out everything that was locked up inside me. And I mean everything.

There was a long silence and then my father asked me if it was really that hard on me. He said he was sorry and that he would get help. My mom agreed to that too. I don't think I was ever as happy as I was that night. Now I know that if anyone ever tells you that a counselor can't help, they're wrong.

by Cheri Howard

## Remember When . . .

I was just thinking about all the strange things we used to do in elementary school. It seems to me that we have changed a lot over the years.

The big thing in our lives when we were little was recess. Now, I can't even think about it without laughing a little. I remember the things we used to do outside on the playground.

When we were in about first or second grade, we used to chase boys. I don't know why now, because we never caught any of them anyway.

Another thing we did at recess was play kickball, we always played boys against girls or section against section. Back then it mattered so much if we won or lost. No one cares now because we have a lot more important things to do with our time.

Another favorite time in my day was show and tell. It didn't matter what you brought, as long as you had something.

Our opinions were so different then too. It didn't matter what our hair looked like, because who saw it anyway? Just boys, no one too important was looking. I don't think it mattered too much what other people thought of us.

Things have changed a lot over the years. It makes me wonder if in a few years we'll look back and laugh at all the silly things we did in junior high.

by Lily Auliff

## A Ghost in the House

Early this morning November 17, 1915, at one fifteen, an unexplainable event occurred. It happened at the Thurber residence. It's believed that a ghost had come to the home. The police found no force of entry, broken windows or glass. They searched the whole house, but found nothing stolen. The children said that they heard footsteps walking around the dining room table. In all the commotion, the grandfather shot a policeman. There is still a question of the grandfather's phase he was going through. The mother was too hysterical by the time it was through, so she couldn't comment. One of the boys had on his mother's blouse. The police think the family should be committed to an asylum.

by Amee Dickey



## A Beautiful Site

Just think
Just wonder
what it's like
to go to that
beautiful site
to look at the roses
on the ground
quiet and peaceful
without a sound
to look at the sky
so bright and high
no clouds in the way
for the sun to shine
all day

by Kelly McDonnell

## Sky Blue is . . .

A soft mist from a
Tumbling waterfall.
The smell of flowers
In the fall.
The sight of blue
Cotton Puffs.
Soft sounds of a flute
From the bluffs.
Sky blue is a soft
Happy Color,
One that makes you really
Wonder.

by Lisa Lemoine

Lies,
All you get is lies.
First say they love you,
Then they go and use you.
They tell you you're the only one,
They say there's no one else.
But then you find out it was lies,
Lies all along.

by Donna Noel

## Clear Skies

Clear skies remind me of . . .
Airplanes flying.
People swimming in lakes.
People jet skiing in the oceans.
People fishing in the rivers.
The beautiful sun
Rises to start a new day.
Birds singing
In the trees to babies.
Iowa National Guard
Flying helicopters around Eldridge,
And nearby communities.
Guys and Girls
Talking to friends.
Adults going to work.
Kids making sand castles
At the beach.

by John Kambel



## Blue

A dreamy blue sky that
lies above
The freshly picked blueberries
that I love.
A gentle breeze on a hot
summer's day.
A crisp mountain stream that
trickles away
The first sprinkle of spring
The flowers that it may bring
These are the things that
remind of a color.
Can you guess?
It's blue; no other.

by Amber Melcher

## Grandpa

My Grandpa was special
In a different type of way
He was always happy
Never sad or alone
And he was always working
Never stopping to catch a breath
He was always watching, that fire in the sky
Many times you'd catch him with a twinkle in his eye
Every time I saw him he would have something new to say
Never short of words
Always work before play
His hobby was to eat
No matter what the meal
And grandpa he was strong
Maybe made of steel
Grandpa liked to watch his grandchildren grow up
And I think he will be proud to see how we end up
He will now be waiting up where the air is thin
Waiting for us to come, come see him again
If I could ask a question to the Lord up in the sky
I know I would ask
Dear Lord, why did grandpa die?

by Cory Deutmeyer

## Sledding is Depressing

It was one fine day, for sledding that is. The snow was covered with a crust of ice and my sled sparkled a scratchy sparkle.

As I looked down "Wreckridge hill" I started to choke, but if I made a mistake I was sure to croak. As I pushed off with a heave I knew something was wrong, because when I looked back down it was terribly long.

Down the hill I flew with a flash, a kid jumped in front of me he didn't quite last, neither did the dog, the sled controls my life. Down the hill into snow to the village I go, half mile left.

I cruised into town, down the street of ice, I saw visions of past and future of my very sad life.

I saw a Ferrari it's an awful big surprise, here it comes on the dimly lit horizon. I avoided the crash, but to my dismay there's another hill. To be continued . . .

by Kerry McFate

## I Wish

I never would have guessed
I always thought you were
the best.
Your brown eyes so tender,
They filled me with splendor;
The way you held me tight,
It made me feel so right,
But now you've gone away.

I loved you so much,
Your warm, tender touch;
Your hair a soft, light, brown,
Upon your head should have a
crown;
All the things that you said,
How could I have been mislead?
But now you're gone away.

A tear has just slipped down
my face,
As another one takes it's place,
I also feel the sand under my feet.
The drums on the beach keep
a steady beat.

by Amy Hotchkiss



## Snow Days!

Don't you just hate it when, in the middle of the winter you're in a nice, cozy bed and your alarm goes off, you get up and don't really feel like going to school. As you look out your bedroom window you realize it's snowing outside. You figure, hey!, maybe we'll get a day off.

Later, as you eat breakfast and listen to the radio, the announcer starts listing the schools that get out. You hear all of the schools nearby and then they say, North Scott has school!

Now you're really in a bind because you didn't get dressed or take a shower because you figured school would be out. So you wind up being late getting ready, which makes you late for school, which makes you late for homeroom so your homeroom teacher gives you a detention because it's your third time. And this <u>really</u> ruins your day!

by Kelli Neilson

## "A Special Part of Me"

A fish darting through the water
only a glimpse of silver do you see;
A pink flamingo flying
wings spreading free;
Kittens chasing clumsily,
after a small ball of yarn;
Or a dog running playfully,
in and out of your barn;
Horses grazing lazily,
in the brightness of the sun;
Kids smiles of victory,
after they have won;
Delicate colored leaves,
falling from a tree;
These are the important and beautiful
things to me.

by Sarah Whisler

## Life as a Pencil

Life as a pencil begins in the factory where you get shipped to a big, noisy store. After you are there people come and buy you to take to work or school. The roughest life is with a school kid. You get home and they throw the sack on the floor with me in it then I get thrown into a bookbag that is cold and dark. Later I get to school where I get eaten by a pencil sharpener which is totally obscene. Then I am used to write term papers or work math problems. When class is over, I usually get dropped by some totally foolish kid. I land on the floor and get trampled over and kicked which is no joy ride. Later I am either picked up by a nice, sweet, caring person where life is better or I get picked up by a janitor, where I am thrown in a big dumpster which is dirty, dark, and scary. Then I get thrown in a garbage truck, and I am compacted in to little pieces.

Life as a pencil is not the best in the world but better than other things. So next time you get a pencil remember we have feelings too.

by Aimee Gruntorad

## The Broken Home

I could hear the yelling as I got closer to the house, I slowed down to a very slow moving walk so I wouldn't get there as fast. I was just about to turn back when I heard the back-door slam and the car start. I knew it was my step-dad going to the local bar to get drunk. It almost happened like this everyday.

I walked slowly and cautiously into the house, the place was ransacked. My mom was sitting on the floor crying, her face was all pale and she looked like she would explode if anybody talked or said anything to her, so I knew I shouldn't bother her, because that would make her even madder than she was already.

I went upstairs, and because I was so upset I cried myself to sleep.

The next day I talked to my counselor at school and she said she would like to talk to my mom.

The next day my mom went to see my counselor. My counselor said she should see a marriage counselor.

After 2 months her marriage counselor said their marriage was hopeless.

One month later we had a new apartment and everything. I wished her marriage would of worked out but it didn't.

Now we live each day one day at a time. Life isn't the best but we're working everything out.

by Lisa Gries



## Nerds

One day there were some nerds; their names are Nurly, Pinky, Herman, Herma, Nina and Sly.

They were all sitting in a grocery store saying, "Oh, I wish I could be bought!"

Soon some little kids came into the store and bought them. Well, these 6 nerdlings didn't know what happens after being bought, and to their surprise they are going to be eaten right after supper!

Instantly the Nerds knew. After they were put away they wished they could become a human.

Then boom! They turned into a school nerd. They climbed out the window.

The kids never knew what happened to their Nerds.

Some of them fell into their books and smarted to death and the others are walking in the school halls. So the next time you see a nerd remember this story!

by Dawn Griffin

## A Code To Freedom

A simple camping trip
Is how it began
But by the end
It wasn't any fun.

Across the ravine
We started to go
With the rocky ground
One mile below.

As we crossed
The bridge ropes snapped!
But while we were falling
With a beam we got zapped.

Across a beam of light
We started to travel
Through thick walls of rock
And over gravel.

In a strange land
We suddenly were
With cute little creatures
Dressed only in fur.

I went up to one
"Hello!" I said
But they screamed and ran
And recoiled in dread.

"We'll probably never escape!"
I mournfully cried.
"You mean you're not a taxer?"
"No!" we denied.

"A beam of light
pulled us here."
I said as the creature
Recoiled in fear.

"The Noximonds brought you!
They'll force you to work,
As they do us."
Said a creature named Irk.

They soon explained
They were Alaminderkers
And were forced to be
The Noximonds' workers.

cont. -



"How can we help?"
I began to ask.
They replied,
"By fullfilling a task."

"In order to leave
This terrible abode
You must crack
The Noximonds' code!"

They gave me a scroll
And solemnly said,
"To crack this code
You must use your head."

And the scroll said . . .

Tomar este rollo de pergamino o papel
Hasta un montana alto
E recitar este frase
En el cielo.
Malo Novolands
Quien tener aprisionar nos aqui
Curyo Caras eres siempre indination
En un feroz sonvier con souna

Andar lejos!
Dejar este Lugar!
Nunca atra vez
Mostrar tu cara!"

"There's something familiar
About this code."
I thought as an Alaminderka
Led us down the road.

Of course! Now I know
The Noximonds will banish
This message is obviously
Written in Spanish!

My dad is bilingual
He spoke the message quick
Ata rate
That made me sick

The scroll said . . .

"Take this scroll
To Spirit Rock high
And recite this phrase
Into the sky.

cont. -

"Evil Noximonds
Who've imprisoned us here
Whose faces are always bent
In a ferocious sneer.

Go away!
Leave this place!
Never again
Show your face!"

"Where's Spirit Rock?"
I jumped up and cried.
"On Mount Labard."
The creatures replied.

"Wait!" they cautioned.
"On Mount Labard's face
Is the Noximond's
Main Military base!"

"That is a problem
And that's a fact!
But if we want to be free
We've got to act!"

We built bows and arrows
From flimsy wood.
But found out the wood
Worked twice as good.

We got to the base
With no trouble at all.
But as we entered the exterior
Rocks started to fall!

"We'll hold them off!
You sneak in!
With these bows
We're sure to win!"

Off I ran
To Spirit Rock's base
But after me
Some Noximonds did chase!

They were gaining
That was easy to see
And if I didn't hurry
They'd surely catch me!

cont. -



They'd just about caught me
When the rhyme I cheered
Suddenly the Noximonds
Groaned and disappeared!

That night we celebrated
The celebration was grand
And after it was over
They beamed us back to our land.

A simple camping trip
Is how it began
But by the end
Freedom we'd won.

by Heather Tyra

## If I Knew the World Was Ending In a Week

What would you do if you knew the world was ending in just one week? I would go out and buy all the lottery tickets until I won the big jack-pot. I would buy all new clothes like Guess clothes, Swatch watches, Forenza, Coca Cola clothes and all that cool stuff. I would buy a huge new mansion with a pool. It would also be a huge ranch with millions of horses. I would also buy a new red Lamberghini. It would be the coolest car around town. I would be in heaven. I would adopt two children one a baby and the other a teen. It would be the greatest life any kid would want. The teen would have its own Porsche and the baby would have its own built in baby pool. Then I would buy lots of nice things and take the stuff to a nursing home and give them gifts and money.

I would also go to church every day and take my children.

But having all that money isn't everything. I still couldn't help worrying about the world ending soon and everyone is going to die. But I would make the best out of the time I have left to help my children realize it has to end someday.

by Malissa Hill

## The Dream

Shooting up to a sitting position, Felice shivered in the cold. Her pajamas clung to her sweat drenched body. Snuggling back under the covers she tried to go back to sleep but couldn't. Her mind kept wandering back to the nightmare she had been having since 2 years ago.

"No! I can't let myself think about that ever again!" she said to herself, and she drifted off to sleep . . .

Beep, beep, beep, beep, Felice rolled over and shoved her head under the pillow, but the annoying sound kept going.

"Felice! Get out of bed and shut the damn thing off!" yelled her older brother Greg.

Crawling out of bed, she shivered as she remembered the nightmare.

"Time for breakfast!" her mother yelled.

"Coming,"

Slipping into her chair at the table she sipped her juice.

"It happened again, Mom," Felice said without looking up.

"The dream?"

Felice nodded.

"I still think you should go back to that psychiatrist."

"No, mom, absolutely not. I'm not crazy."

"I know, but I just think . . ."

"No."

"O.K., if that's what you think. Now scoot or you'll be late."

The car came screeching around the corner. Faster, faster, faster. Felice was screaming, but it was like everyone was deaf. Shelly was just standing there watching the car come at her . . .

Felice forced her eyes open. Looking at her clock, 2:45 A.M. Getting up she quietly put on sweats and went out into the early morning cold. She started running. She ran and she walked, and she ran and she walked, and she ran some more. She didn't have any idea where she was going or how long she had been outside.

The sun was starting to come up and there were a few cars, but she kept running.

"Run out in front of a car and make it look like an accident. Then it won't look like suicide. No! It wasn't my fault!'

Felice suddenly knew where she was going.

In the cemetery she hunted for Monroe, Shelly Monroe. There it is.

"Shelly, I don't know if you're listening or not, but I'm sorry. God am I sorry. I know it wasn't my fault. I tried to help, but it was too late."

cont. -



The tears were running down her face. "Shelly, I need you so much. I never had a better friend. Why I didn't tell you before I don't know. Maybe because I thought you knew. God, I miss you so much!" She got up, headed home and she knew things were going to be better.

by Donna Noel

## Run a Way

It all started five months ago. My sister Brenda ran a way from home. I'm the only one that knows where she is.

My name is Marcy, I am 14 , my sister is 1 year older than me.

The first time my sister thought about running away I didn't pay much attention.

She was talking about it because my mother smacked her for talking back. She was mad. Brenda was kind of crying. I told her it was all right.

Then a week later she went to her friend's house after school. My mom wasn't very happy because she didn't do any of her work.

She came home while I was in my room doing homework. My mother was screaming at the top of her voice. I could have sworn she was going to hit her, but my father came home he said, "What is going on?"

My sister Brenda ran up to her room. She started packing her duffle bag. I asked her, "Where are you going?"

She said, "I'm going to Stacy's then I am going to Sarah's apartment."

Sarah is my other sister. She is in college. Sarah is about 19.

"Marcy, don't tell anyone I'm leaving. Don't even tell your friends. But I will call you sometime tomorrow."

That's the last I saw her and she's only called twice in the past 3 months.

After 4 months she came back home.

But mother and father said she could only come back if she tries to get along with everyone. Ever since then she's been really nice and she hasn't tried to run away yet. It's only been 2 months but she's been good at coming home and doing her work but once last week she couldn't handle mom yelling at her because she forgot to call to tell mom she was going to be late. She couldn't handle it so she left for 2 days and came back. Mother was a little mad, more glad she's back I suppose. Father was a different story you could see he'd like to hit her but he won't because he has never hit us and I don't think he ever will.

by Brandi Albers

# The Stranger

It was on a cold dreary night. I was camping out with my dad, but he had to go in to town to get supplies. He left me in charge of getting our lanterns lit and a fire lit in the fireplace.

I had just gotten the last lantern lit when there was a knock on the door. I went over and opened the door expecting to see my dad with his arms filled with supplies, but it was a stranger with blond hair and mean brown eyes. He was taller than me and had a big scar on his right cheek. A shiver ran through me and I was shutting the door when he pulled out a gun and advanced to me. He didn't say anything and pushed me roughly into a nearby chair. He took the rope that I had carelessly dropped by the back door and tied my ankles and wrists.

When I recovered from my shock I bravely asked, "What do you want?" He didn't answer and I wasn't brave enough to ask again. So I just sat there fearing the worst. I was shaking and was so shocked that I forgot about my father.

When my father came back he walked right in saying something about his car breaking down when the stranger interrupted him by saying, "Shut up," and he shot him, before my dad knew what was happening. Someone was screaming and I realized it was me when the stranger came over swearing and stopped me saying, "Shut up or I'll kill you too."

I turned away from him and quietly cried for my loss, for he had killed my last of kin. Now I realized I was on my own.

As the last of my tears and strength left me I meekly asked, "Can I lay on the cot to sleep?" Suprisingly he came over and carried me over to the cot. When he tossed me on to the cot. I curled up wondering how I could sleep with being tied up, but soon fell asleep. I woke up after dreaming about my father's death. I turned over to find the stranger looking at me. He started talking and actually acted nice after what he had done. I blocked him out and thought up different ways to escape and then get revenge.

I must have fallen asleep because I woke up and saw the stranger eating which reminded me of my own hunger. The stranger saw I was awake, but did not move to get me any food. I just kept quiet, afraid to say anything.

Today is the third day. I haven't eaten anything, but I'm trying to get my hands free. The stranger suddenly said, "We need some more wood. I'm going out to get some." He gave me a menacing smile and I glared at him until he left. I was secretly thinking of how perfect this was.

cont. -



After a minute I slipped my hands out of the ropes and untied my ankles. After rubbing them I got up and set to work at quickly gathering things like food, matches, a blanket, sweater, and other things I thought I would need.

I grabbed my coat and ran out the back door hoping I didn't need anything else. I ran for a long time in the direction of the highway. I knew the highway was at least 50 miles away, but I just couldn't stay where I was. I ran as far as I could and then slowed to a walk. Finally I dropped to the ground exhausted. I realized that the sun was going down and dragged myself over to a nearby rock and pulled my blanket out of my pack.

I soon fell asleep, though I was conscious of my surroundings and would not let myself sleep long. Finally morning came and I picked up my things and realizing I was hungry I started eating an apple while walking. When suddenly I heard a stick break and broke into a run aware of someone running after me. When I turned to see who it was I tripped and felt a sudden pain in my ankle. I got dizzy but fought it off while scooting back into a tree. By that time the person had caught up to me and I realized it wasn't the stranger, but a different one.

He had nice friendly blue eyes and brown hair, but I refused to trust him. He silently sat down next to me and when I started moving away he grabbed my hand and said, "Why did you run like that?"

I said, "I thought someone was following me and assumed that man was coming after me."

When I didn't elaborate he said, "What man?"

Needing someone to talk to I told him the whole dreadful story. He didn't interrupt and let me cry. He had a grim look on his face when he said he was a policeman and showed me his badge. I told him what the stranger looked like and he asked if I would show him where the stranger was, so limping back I pointed to the cabin. He told me to stay behind the tree and went over to the cabin cautiously.

He didn't knock on the door but went right in and caught the stranger unexpectedly. I don't know exactly what happened, but they both came out and the stranger now wore handcuffs.

I then told the cop my name and said I'd testify.

He told me his name was Tom and said Jody, my name, was a nice name.

After calling an ambulance for my father he said he would take me to the hospital himself and then down to the precinct. Glad to not have to make decisions for myself,I followed his instructions.

cont. -

The court case would come later he informed me and said that I should stay off my leg, after the doctor said it was sprained. After I gave him my statement, he took me home.

The court case was scheduled for next week and Tom is taking care of me by coming over and spending all his free time with me. We both hope that our present relationship will go on for a long time.

by Tammy Griffith

## Beautiful Sights

There are many beautiful
sights to see,
like all different colors
on a fall tree,
Lying in the grass staring
in the sky so blue,
with white fluffy clouds
looking down at you.
Freshly, fallen snow
glistening so bright,
Stars brightly twinkling
in the twilight.
Rainbow colored gold
fish swimming in a pond,
or a girl twirling a
silver baton.
Taking a breath of fresh
air at night,
oh yes, there are many
beautiful sights.

by Sarah Rathje



## Memories

It was Jan. 14, 1986, a night I will never forget.

It was a beautiful sunny day and Janey and I were at her house laying out and eating potato chips.

Somehow we got on the subject of murder, suicide, and drugs. As I remember Janey was the one who brought the subject up. She was recalling an incident that happened about a month ago.

The streets of our court were quiet and the street lights buzzed as a bug would fly up into it. Everyone knew that the Smith family was poor and that the father was always high on drugs or drunk alot.

Joan, Mr. Smith's wife, has just put the kids to bed. She walked into the living room and heard a slight knock at the door. Joan opened the door and her husband came staggering in.

"Where were you?" asked Joan.

"I was out having a few drinks with the guys."

"Yeah, and I suppose you're high too."

"Well,"

"Why? Why do you do this to yourself and your family?" replied Joan in a harsh voice.

"Because I sure don't get any attention around here."

In a rage of fury Joan slapped her husband. He struck her and sent her flying back into the wall. Mr. Smith ran to the kitchen and got a knife. He grabbed Mrs. Smith and slit her cheek. She screamed and tied to get free, but he had thrown her to the ground and was violently hitting her with a baseball bat he had found nearby. After his final blow he looked down and she was dead. He ran to his room for his shot gun. Frantically running to the kids room he shot each of them too in the back of the head. He staggered from the house and saw the police coming. That was when he, too, shot himself in the head.

Everytime I hear that story it makes me wonder how a man could do such a thing to his wife and family. Maybe he was crazy but no one will every know.

I looked over at Jamey and saw that she was crying. She looked me right in the eye but I thought nothing of it except to go over and hug her saying nothing like that will ever happen again.

Later that night Jamey called me. She told me to meet her at the old school. I arrived but found out she wasn't there. I ran to her house finding a note on her door saying, "HELP ME - I'M IN THE FIELD BEHIND MY HOUSE"

cont. -

I ran behind the house as fast as I could but as I came to the back I stood in shock. There before me lay my best friend's father in a pool of blood around him with his wife and daughter at his side crying. I found a note on the ground which said, "I had no choice but to kill myself. I was like Mr. Smith and did not want to do what he did to his wife and family. I will always love you and hope you both will forgive me. In my case suicide was the answer. Please don't be ashamed. My love will always be with you even though now I'm gone. Never forget me. I will love you both always. Your beloved father and husband."

That night I will never forget. My best friend has moved and is quite happy with her mother even though that terrible tragedy will always lurk in her mind.

by Tasha Barenthin

## Goodbye

Two years ago on Oc. 31st, 1984, it was a dreary wet Halloween night and four girls were trick or treating in a small town. One of the girls carried an umbrella. The oldest of the four girls was only eleven.

All four girls huddled together under the umbrella walking slowly down the dark chilly street of the small rugged town. All four laughing, giggling, and collecting candy.

While not quite two miles away a six year old boy with a brain tumor was being rushed to the hospital in a screaming, flashing vehicle.

The young helpless boy was a close relative of one of the four girls collecting candy in the old rugged little hick town.

Unconscious the boy was now. Slipping away from life. Trying hard to hang on.

The girls came to the boys grand parents house and went inside the creeky old house to dry off a bit before heading for home.

About that time everything happened at once, lightning hit, lights went out, and the child died.

That was the end. No more goodbyes. Just gone, dead.

Halloween has been a scary dreaded time for those four girls. When they today think of Halloween they think of a mere child. They're empty, silent. No laughing, and giggling, just silence.

by Traci Hutson



## Halloween is . . .

Halloween is a time to
dress up like a clown
or a bum,

Halloween is a time to
go trick-or-treating even
if you look pretty dumb,

Halloween is a time to
carve a jack-o-lantern
into a scary face,

Halloween is a time to hang up
decorations in an empty space,

Halloween is a time for fun
for boys and girls and everyone.

by Erin Friedmeyer

## Girls

So
Unforgettable
So
Unreliable
So Unpredictable
And
Sometimes
so
lame,
But
As the
saying goes,
"Women
Can't live
with 'em,
Can't live
with out 'em."

by Jason Rominger

## Me and My Bazooka

One night I was riding my bike over to my friend's house. The ground started shaking. I looked up in the sky and saw a flying saucer.

It looked like it landed in a field by my house. I rode as fast as I could to my friends house and told him about the flying saucer.

We rode our bikes back over to my house.

When we got there I saw my cat splattered up against the kitchen window. His guts were rolling down the side of the house. I saw my dog who was still alive but running around the yard without a head.

We tried to get in the house but it was locked. So we climbed into my bedroom window.

We got in and found my mom, dad and my brother in a room, just sitting by the wall. My dad had blood all over him. That made me mad, so I went down into the basement and got a bazooka. I went out into the yard and found all of these little aliens. They had long sharp teeth and were black and slimy.

I got them all in a group and shot the bazooka at them and blew them all to pieces.

When I blew them up there was a bunch of chewed up dog and cat legs, that the aliens ate, flying all over the place. Then I took the bazooka and blew up the flying saucer.

That was the end of the aliens.

by Ryan Klinkrodt

## "February 14"

What is so special about Feb. 14? It's VALENTINE'S DAY!

On Valentine's Day you see hearts galore.

They say that cupids come out and let people fall in love. Do you hope that happens to you? I hope Cupid shoots an arrow to me and someone else.

by Jennifer Claeys



## The Big Scare

Hello. My name is Rebecca Harper and the 31st of this last month I turned 14. That may not seem very unusual to you, and it wouldn't be if it were any other month, but my birthday is in October. Now I can't say that any of my birthday's have been boring but I have to say this one was probably the most exciting yet.

It started a week before Halloween when I got an invitation to a Halloween party from Staci Everton. When I got home and asked my mom if I could go she just stared at me and sighed. Now I must tell you that I knew something was wrong. I just didn't know what because my birthday is always celebrated in the family on Nov. 1 so as to avoid conflict with parties and such on Halloween. Then my mom explained:

"Your sister was invited to a Halloween party also and we already told her she could go, I thought I could take her but I just remembered, I have to work at the women's club Haunted House on Halloween. I thought maybe you could take her but now I don't know what I'll do, we can't leave her alone and she does want to go to this party."

I understood her predicament and I knew she wouldn't ask me to change my plans for my sister.

"What time does her party start?" I asked.

"6:30"

"Listen mom, my party doesn't start 'till 7:00. I could take Trisch to her party and still be at mine with a little time to spare," I said to my mom.

As my mom looked up she said, "Are you absolutely sure you won't mind?"

"Of course not," I answered.

So I was the lucky one who got to take Trisch to her party. It was times like these we really missed dad. My dad's job causes him to go on trips sometimes, not that often, just every two months or so for four or five days. Well it just so happened that dad had a business trip and no matter what he tried he wasn't able to get back by Nov. 1.

Finally Halloween came, as did Staci's party. As I waited for Trisch I looked at myself in the long mirror at the end of the hall. I was proud of my gypsy costume. With my own money I had bought the material and everything. The costume itself I made completely on my own. I glanced at my watch and seeing what it was, hollered at Trisch to hurry up. When she came down the stairs, I had to admit that my six year old sister looked adorable in the Mother Goose costume she and mom had come up with.

cont. -

All went well at first. After I dropped Trisch off I headed for my party and arrived promptly at 7:00. The party was probably the best of the year. We danced in Staci's huge basement and there were refreshments in another room. The party went great until the last half hour. This gorgeous boy named Steve asked me to dance. We were really starting to relax when Staci came and told me there was a phone call for me. I groaned inwardly.

"Hello?" I answered the phone questionably.

"Hi, Rebecca this is Mom. I hate to ask you this but could you go pick up your sister?"

For a minute I couldn't say anything, then, "Sure, Mom."

"Oh honey, I hate to ask you to do this, but . ."

"It's O.K., Mom," I cut her off.

I rang the doorbell at the house where I had dropped Trisch off earlier. Absently I read the mailbox as I waited for someone to answer my knock, Stevenson, it read. Finally someone came to the door.

"Hello, Mrs. Stevenson? I'm here to pick up Trisch," I said. I noticed the lady looking at me strangely so I continued, "I'm her sister."

Mrs. Stevenson spoke to me in a strangled voice, "Didn't you pick her up a few minutes ago?" I must have looked at her quite strangely for she hurried me in talking a mile a minute, "She said you were outside waiting so I let her go."

Stunned I just sat there a minute, "It must have been my mom," I said as calmly and politely as I could.

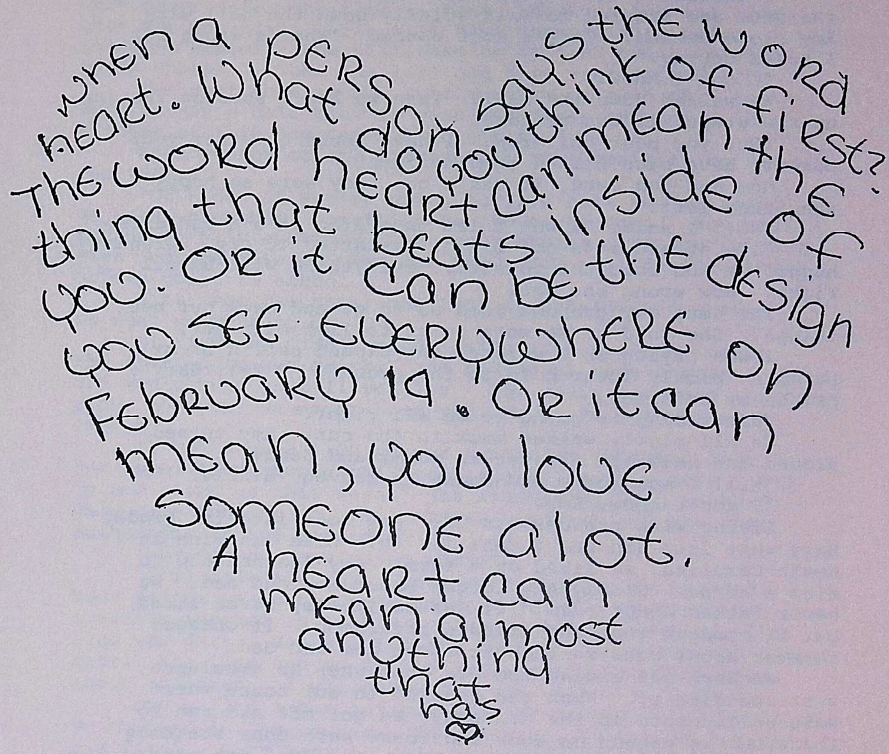
As I walked out the door my thoughts were in a turmoil. Where was Trisch? Who had picked her up? It might have been Mom. WHAT WAS GOING ON! I had been so wrapped up in my thoughts I didn't even notice I was home until I looked up and there it was. I opened the door and was greeted with cries of surprise or, Happy Birthday. I saw Trisch, Mom, Staci, Steve, and in the middle was my dad!

"Happy Birthday," he cried and on seeing my surprised face said, "Didn't think I'd miss this did ya!?" I just hugged him happily.

by Karri Pacha



# "Heart"


when a person says the word heart. What do you think of first? The word heart can mean the thing that beats inside of you. Or it can be the design you see everywhere on February 14. Or it can mean, you love someone alot. A heart can mean almost anything that has a

by Jennifer Claeys

## Say Good-Bye

We watched our parents walk out the door to go to a movie, but we didn't know this would be the last time we would see them alive. Our babysitter said bye to them and they left. Around nine we were sent to bed, Amy, Gary, and me, Elizabeth. Around one Amy was awakened to the sound of crying. She walked over to my bed and woke me up.

I decided to get up and see what was wrong. I opened the door and started to walk quietly down the hall with Amy close behind. Gary's door opened, "What's wrong Liz, I heard crying."

"I don't know."

We walked down the hall. Then we heard someone running up the steps, it was grandma.

"Oh, you poor children. I have found out that your parents have been killed in an accident."

Mom and dad dead, it can't be, they were so happy when they left.

"No," I said, "I won't let them die, it's a bad dream."

"I'm afraid it's not Liz," I started to cry. Grandma hugged me and said not to worry, everything will be all right. How wrong she was.

The next day grandma told us to go and pack our best things. She told us we were going to live with her.

I was crying as I watched the closed coffin of my parents slowly lowered in to the ground. I felt Gary's arm on my shoulder.

"Everything is going to be all right."

We all slowly walked back to the car. Amy turned around and said bye forever to mommy and daddy.

"Will I see mommy and daddy in Heaven, Lizzie?"

"I don't know, Amy."

Living with grandma was OK. Amy went into 1st grade, Gary went into 8th and I went in 7th. Life was fine in North Carolina, we lived on a farm. Amy learned how to ride a horse. Slowly Amy forgot about mom and dad. We never talked about them. It was as if they never lived, but it changed that one dreaded afternoon. It changed forever about what we thought about mom and dad.

We were all riding the bus home when an ambulance went speeding by. When the bus got to our house there were police cars in the driveway. We got off and ran to the house, we opened the door and there were cops standing by a tall lady. She came running to us, "Oh, you poor children, I'm your mom's sister, Lynn. Your grandmother has died of a heart attack."

cont. -



As I sat in the plane to Seattle I looked at my aunt. All we knew about her was she was our mom's older sister. She had moved to Seattle and never spoken to mom again. But there was something different about her, something she wasn't telling us. It seemed like she hated us. But why should she hate us, we've never met her before.

We landed in Seattle, got into her car and drove to her farm. When we got there she took us to our rooms.

"Amy and Elizabeth, you will sleep in this room. I do not tolerate fighting. You will never fight and never take anything without asking. Never leave things laying around. And have your room clean every morning. Gary, never enter the room without knocking and the same goes for you girls. You will have chores to do before going to school. You will wake up at 5:00 every morning to do chores." Then she left and Gary went to his room.

The next morning our aunt woke us up at 5:00. She said we had a half hour to wash and dress and be in the kitchen at 5:30 and wear old clothes.

When we got to the kitchen our aunt was sitting at the table.

"OK, kids, if you're going to live here you're going to work, probably something you've never done. You will get up at 5:00 everyday to do your chores. If you're sick have someone else do them for you. You will do the chores before going to school."

After she was done, she took us outside and showed us what we were to do.

At first we didn't mind living with our aunt, then she started to get meaner, and giving us more chores. She would whip us till we bled. She would say mean things about mom, but we never knew why. We found out why soon enough.

It was around 1:00 AM our aunt came storming into our room, "You stupid children, the house is a mess. Get up and clean up this mess!" She started hitting us hard. Gary came running in, he tried to stop her but she just pushed him to the ground.

"Why do you hate us so much?"

"I'll tell you why your mother stole my husband. Your father was suppose to be my husband. My tramp of a sister sneaked in to his room and said she was me, the room was dark. Weeks later she lied and said she was pregnant. She lied and he had to marry her, but now I have their children. I will now show you what I will do."

She pulled a gun out and started firing it at anything. We huddled in the corner. She pointed the gun at her head and fired. Gary went to call an ambulance. I walked over to where our aunt laid. Amy started to cry.

They came to take my aunt's body away. I put Amy to bed, and went to bed. Suddenly Gary came running in, "Get up Liz, and get dressed and dress Amy too. We're leaving. Why? Because they think we did it. Now come on."

cont. -

We sneaked out the back door and headed for the woods. The first night we slept in a cave. The next day we kept walking. We had $200 that we had stolen from our aunt. We came to a train that stopped for cargo, we got in an empty car. We sat in the far corner and slept. I don't know when I noticed that the train had stopped. Gary went to look where we were at. We were in Los Angeles. We got off the train and looked for a place to eat. We found a McDonald's.

Our first night in Los Angeles we slept in an alley. The next morning we found an abandoned warehouse to sleep in. We stayed for a month there. We kept running from everybody. Every night a new place to sleep. We're out of money and Amy's getting sick. Now we're farm hands in Colarado.

Amy has died, we buried her in North Dakota. We don't know what to do, we're in New York now. Gary has started to steal things. We can't find any relatives. I have found a job working for a horse racing stable as a rider.

One day Gary and I were walking around, when we noticed a car was following us. We started to walk faster. Then men jumped out of the car and started to run after us. We ran down an alley, it was a dead end. A car stopped & a lady got out and ran toward us. She started to hug and kiss us.

"You poor children, I've finally found you. I'm your father's sister. I've come to take you home."

by Cheryl Claussen

## "Dreams"

There are three different kinds of dreams. They are day dreams, good dreams, and nightmares. Day dreams are kinds of dreams that you have during the day. These are when you doze off into space. Good dreams and nightmares happen at night. The nightmares are the kinds of dreams that you don't ever want to happen. The good dreams are the kind of dreams that you hope very much will happen. These are just three kinds of dreams you have.

by Jennifer Claeys



## Love Dies

The rain on the window,
The clouds in the sky.
And now that you left me,
There's tears in my eyes.
I thought when I met you,
That our love would last.
But now that you're gone,
I'll put it all in the past.
I've tried to live on,
To forget what we had.
Maybe I shouldn't,
I should just be glad.
But since we're not mad,
We can still be friends.
Even though between us,
It is the end.

by Krista Longlett

## Tears

Tears are flowing,
not afraid of showing;
the feelings kept inside,
that others try to hide.
The sadness slowly dissolves,
as though the tears will solve;
the anger kept away,
to deal with another day.
The past cannot be altered.
though you try not to falter.
The emotions that you show,
let the other people know;
you feel emotions should be shown,
and not be left unknown.

by Sheri Catlin

## I Can't Wait Till Summer

I can't wait till summer because it is always warm and bright and early in the morning there's a path I walk down filled with flowers. I can smell the sweetness of the Huney Suckel.

In the summer I go to my cousin's Ranch house to stay for the months of June, July, and August, but sometimes I go to my grandma's for a couple of weeks and swim in her good friend's pool.

While I'm at my grandma's house in Spring Valley, Indiana, my cousin Crystal and I go to the Springs Valley Skating Rink every Friday. And on the nice week days we go to an indoor pool in the Springs Valley High School (I love the smell of chlorine).

Also in the summer my cousin Crys and I rent membership to Patoka Lake Beach Resort, there's hot sand, cold water, all sorts of beach activity.

I go to Little Nashville in Indiana for their Old fashioned chocolate chip fudge.

I go to an amusement park in Cincinnati, Ohio, for fun, at an amusement park called King's Island.

When we're done there we go to Santa Claus Land, Indiana. When we're here we go to Holiday World.

The best thing about the whole trip is that my mom's not with me (ever).

by Durene Lightner

## "Christmas Joy"

Christmas is a time for joy,
a time to share many gifts and toys.
Christmas is a time to give,
a time to really get to live.
Christmas is ribbons and bows,
inside a package may be some clothes.
Christmas is a time for fun,
a time to get candy, maybe tons.
Christmas has many stories to it,
like for instance who's birthday
really is it?

by Angela Cordero



## Quiet Things are Beautiful

Quiet things are beautiful,
For the sunrise tiptoeing up the sky,
And the waterfall whispering,
See the swan float by,
Hear the cat tails talk,
While the bald eagle flies over head,
And the golden sun appears,
It's the beginning of a day.

by Barb Petersen

## White is . . .

White is . . .
Snowflakes falling to the
ground,
or a fluffy bunny
running without a sound.

The feel of cotton on my
cheek,
and the silent rushing
of a creek.

A fresh glass of milk,
and the feel of silk.

All these things to me are
the tastes, touches, and
the sight of the color
White!

by Angie Siebke

## As I Walk Through The Fog!

As I walk through the fog,
its like a grey world before me.

A world of feet,
tapping softly.

This whole fog is
now before me.

I wish to dance in it.
I wish to make my
feet tap softly.

I wish to be part
of that fog.

Through the thick fog
and dusty roads,
I wish to see what
I haven't seen before.

Oh, the fog, its breezy.
Oh, I wish to dance
Like a pink flamingo
in the fog.

Oh, I love the beautiful
fog.

But at last I get to
tell you, nobody lives
it but
M E !

by Heather Towers



## Image

Imagine you're lying on Malibu Beach soaking up the sun and watching all these gorgeous, big, and muscular guys walking by with deep, dark tans and sexy legs. All of a sudden the cutest guy sits down beside you. You nearly flip out but you keep your cool. Then he asks you out, you don't hesitate for a minute. You agree and set a date.

Before you even realize it, you are sitting at the most expensive restaurant in town, with this gorgeous guy named Ryan. You are in your pink evening gown and he's in his white tux.

Suddenly he reaches over and kisses you real softly on the lips, but you don't.

After dinner he takes you to his house to meet his parents, you find out that Ryan's parents are really sweet people.

After you converse with his parents, he takes you home, and on the way to your house he asks you out again for the next night. Again you jump at the chance.

But remember you're only imagining this!!!

by Julie O'Rourke

## The Stars * * * * *

The stars . . . . . they are why, shiny objects that glow up the sky. They are tiny objects that you could sit there and gaze at them for hours. They never leave and they'll always be there.

Sometimes I just sit there and stare into the sky because I need some time alone, to work things out, and looking at the stars gives me a great sensation.

They give you a sense of beauty. They are so beautiful and fun to watch.

I wish I could come out and tell everyone how at ease they make you feel. It takes all your problems away for at least a few brief seconds. It gives you a great amount of time to think these things over and make sure you make the right decisions.

I guess they sort of make you feel like you have never felt before. At times it's just fun to look up and try to count how many stars are up there. But obviously it's endless.

I guess what I'm trying to say is that the stars are a great advantage. If some people only knew about the stars. From what you have read, what do you think about the stars right now?

by Natalie Ulloa

## Saying Good-Bye

As I was ready to leave, I let out a sigh,
Because I realized I could never say good-bye.

You'd be on my mind whenever I was sad,
And at certain times when I was glad.

I'll always remember the fun we had,
And when the times were so very sad.

The way we talked I'll never forget
And deep in my heart I'll always regret.

But we must let go
It won't work out, this I know.

I remember the way it used to be,
I guess you'll always be a part of me.

by Gretchen Madsen

## LOVING EYES

I see you from across the hall talking with your friends,

How I want to come to you and tell you how much I love you,

When I sit near you I want to reach out and touch your hand,

But there is no way to tell you how much I feel for you,

There is no way to explain,

So as long as I care for you,

And you care nothing for me,

I shall go on looking at you,

With Loving Eyes.

by Sheri Catlin



## Help! I'm Stranded

One morning while I was running along the beach I stopped to catch my breath. As I stood there watching the sun rise I noticed an odd shape floating in the ocean about 20 feet away. I watched it until it was about 10 feet away from me. I ran out and got the bottle. Sitting down on the beach I quickly opened it because the anticipation was killing me. There was a note inside that read:

April 11,83

Help! I'm stranded on a desert island somewhere off the west of Brazil. It's quite small but there is a natural spring and fruit grows here. Please come and get me soon. I always have a fire going. Please hurry!

Signed,
B.C. Edward

I couldn't believe it. It was just like in the movies.

I quickly ran home and called the coast guard. They said that they were too busy and couldn't be bothered by a prank note in some bottle.

Because my father was rich I set out to find the deserted island in his helicopter.

I searched for days without any sight of an island that wasn't on the map and found nothing.

One day while I was searching the helicopter ran out of gas. We crashed and I swam to the island where I was stranded.

Just when I thought I was all alone B.C. Edward came out of the woods.

Now we were both stuck on that stupid island sending bottles out to other people.

by Amber Melcher

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